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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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THROUGH ARCTIC SEAS pass our convoys and their escorting warships delivering war material to Russia. The decks and superstructure, like those of the warship above, become thickly encrusted with ice as the spray freezes. But, weather and foe notwithstanding, the convoys get through laden with weapons and supplies for use against the Axis on the Russian Front. *Photo, Associated Press*

ARE WE WINNING THE WAR?

BY THE EDITOR

IN the first week of the War the writer was asked by a young journalist, who has since done admirable work for British propaganda, if he thought the Allies would win. So indignant did I feel that any Briton should ask such a question at such a moment that I fear my answer was a rude one. The shock of doubt implied by the question made it sound little short of treasonable. Had there been many like that young man in Sept. 1939 going about asking the same question we might have lost the War by now. To enter upon a life-and-death struggle with a doubt as to its issue is to weaken the incalculable advantage of the will to win. An aged and death-awaiting philosopher might be pardoned if he expressed some such doubt. Philosophic doubt is one thing (and a commendable thing), but a doubting spirit in youth, with its physical powers to lend a hand in the opening of a fight for its own freedom. is another and a damnable thing.

THAT we shall win the war must be the faith and belief of every Briton. And though the same sirens that startled me with a false alarm on the morning of Sept. 3, 1939, after listening to Chamberlain's declaration of War, have moaned their warnings a thousand times since (the third today had just sounded as I began writing) my faith in Victory has not diminished. But in the two years and a half that have passed there have been many moments when that faith has been sorely tried—none more trying than the fall of Singapore, while three of the major vessels of the Nazi fleet, so long sheltering in the harbour at Brest, had brazenly sailed through the Straits of Dover and joined the rest of Hitler's navy in their home waters behind the fortress of Heligoland.

NONE-THE-LESS, there is but one answer to the larger question, "Shall we Win?" Today, with more confidence than ever, the affirmation of ultimate triumph can be made. Our very survival after the bursting of the French bubble—"the greatest Army in Europe" now some miserable millions of ragged starvelings rotting in prison camps or labouring as helots for the enemy, the vaunted Maginot Line so much junk!—is the chief guarantee of our final victory. These foolish things of France in which we were induced to put our trust are almost forgotten; in their place a mightier army than France ever possessed, one of which we had been kept as completely in ignorance as we had been stupidly led to lean upon the other, is fighting gloriously for a Russia of newly revealed strength and vision. In cooperation with a Britain that survived the defection of a once-powerful ally, Soviet Russia is proving a worthy partner in the war against Nazi aggression. And if it required the intrusion of Japan to bring America wholeheartedly into the conflict, all the initial and easily achieved successes of that treacherous and still semi-barbaric power will yet prove worth our suffering for the sake of America's eventual and decisive contribution to Victory.

HITLER'S cardinal mistake, has been his attack on Russia, and his urging Japan into the conflict may yet prove less wise than it appears. His pressure on Spain and Vichy will probably bring these two crippled but trouble-making powers into the conflict as our open enemies. That may be his final error. Both of them are already fighting Britain covertly in the Mediterranean and North Africa, restrained only from full and open "collaboration" by fear of civil war at home, and civil war in Vichy France and Franco Spain will tend rather to shorten than to lengthen the War should the anti-democratic leaders of those countries take the final step.

ONE thing stands out beyond all doubting: this year of 1942 is going to see the climax of the War; everything is piling up for that. The brilliantly conceived and boldly executed move of the Scharnhorst, the Gneisenau and the Prinz Eugen (whose value to the Nazi fleet is more than doubled by the loss of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse) portends a sea affair of the major sort at an early date. Worse trials than any since the Fall of France await the Democratic Powers. But hourly the potential might of America is developing. Her initial disasters, unexpected though they were, are acting as a spur to supreme endeavour and cannot for long exert a paralysing effect on American activities in the Pacific.

THE audacious approach of the Japs to Australia's northern shores has had an electrical effect upon our kinsmen of the southern continent, who are wisely bestirring themselves to increased effort and are agreed that they would rather defend themselves by uniting with the Americans, Dutch, and British in taking the offensive against the Japs at such points on the invaded islands to the north and north-west as the strategy of General Wavell may determine, than wait to repel any attack in force on the Australian mainland. New Zealand, whose North Island is even more inviting to Japanese landings, is also at the peak of alertness. But, despite the immense resources of a war-hungry nation of nearly one hundred millions, it is difficult to see how the threat to the British Dominions of the South Pacific can be translated into a menacing reality. Years of preparation and a treacherous stroke account for their speedy, spectacular victories, but treachery has done its worst and the forces now being brought to life by America, whose main theatre of the War must be the Pacific, will, with the aid of British and Australian forces and generalship, and the help of China's fighting millions, redress the ravages of the yellow wing of Nazi gangsterism, not in a month or two but possibly before the year has run its course. Next year assuredly.

SIR EARLE PAGE, P.C., G.C.M.G., Australian special Envoy to Britain, whose function is to establish Cabinet liaison with the British Government. *Photo, Lafayette*

MANY a time in the War of 1914-18 there were periods when the question "are we winning the War?" might have been asked with even less obvious reasons for an affirmative answer. And not the least anxious of these periods started with the great German offensive on March 21, 1918, when the Huns broke through with forty divisions along the fifty-five-mile front between Scarpe and Oise and swept the Allies back to the west, recapturing all the ground gained by us at such sacrifice in 1916-17, and pressed on, with only brief local set-backs, until it looked as though they would regain Amiens, the extreme point of their first penetration in 1914.

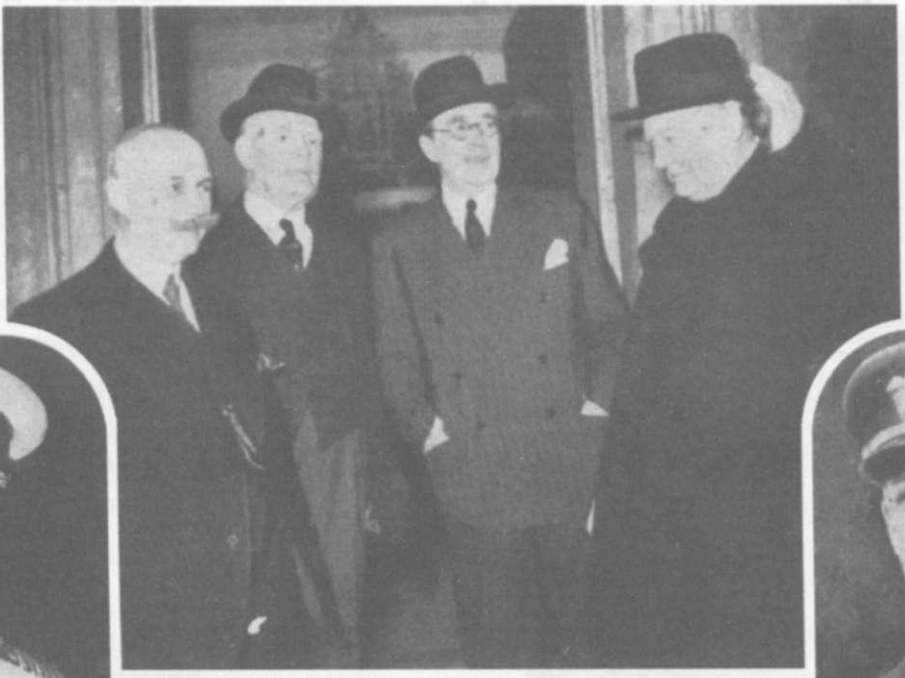
When Foch had assumed the supreme command on the Western Front in April and Haig had issued his famous "backs to the wall" order, who that remembers those days can forget their anxiety? Did we look like winning the War then? Yet by July 18 the tide was already on the turn, by August 8 the invaders were suffering blow upon blow from British, French and American counter-attacks until, with Austria cracking under Italo-British pressure, by Oct. 11 the beaten legions of the Kaiser were in wide-spread retreat. Seventeen days later Austria had capitulated; on the last day of that month Turkey surrendered; five days later the Huns were in full retreat everywhere on the Western Front, the red flag of revolt hoisted at Kiel and Hamburg by the sailors of a fleet which had so long rotted there afraid to face the British in open water.

NO more than five months had sufficed for all the decisive events that changed the fortunes of the Kaiser and his Hunnish legions from the appearance of victory to the certainty of débâcle.

NOW that is worth recalling at such a time as we are passing through at present, albeit there is hardly any comparision between the opposing forces of the War today and those of 1918. Its literally world-wide diffusion, its bewildering complexities of direction, its dark intriguing, its impact on every land and people and on every inhabitant of the countries involved, its ferocity by sea and air undreamt of in 1918; its ever-shifting areas of explosion . . . in a word we are caught up in Total War which makes the geography of any earlier war more like topography: local rather than universal. Still there is this to remember: local victory or defeat can have a repercussion which will affect even the

SOME REFLECTIONS IN A DARK HOUR

Vice-Adm. C. E. L. Helfrich (below), C.-in-C. of the Netherlands East Indies Navy, who now succeeds Admiral T. C. Hart as Commander of the Combined Naval Forces in the A.B.D.A. area (S.W. Pacific).



PACIFIC WAR COUNCIL held its first meeting in London on Feb. 10. Seen, left to right, are: Dr. P. S. Gerbrandy, Netherlands Premier.; Mr. W. J. Jordan, New Zealand High Commissioner; the Dutch Minister in London, Jonkheer E. Michiels van Verduynen, and Mr. Churchill, photographed after the meeting.

Vice-Adm. Herbert F. Leary, U.S. Navy (below), appointed to command the combined Australian-New Zealand naval forces. His title is Commander of the Anzac Forces.

remotest reaches of a Total War. The Russo-German struggle, for instance, is affecting Britain's home defence far more than most of us realize, and should our Soviet Allies extend or retain their winter gains when the Nazis return to the attack this Spring the effect will be magical. It might easily daunt a Darlan and frighten a Franco, not to say how it might react on Mussolini's sorely tried Italians.

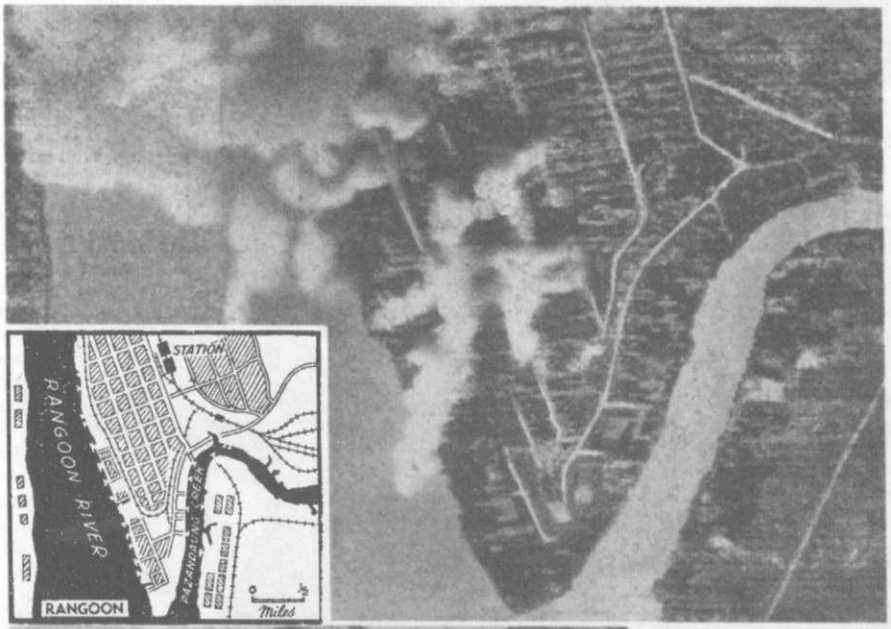
ALMOST more disturbing to the British cause than events in the Pacific is our second retreat in Libya, for which we have the vermin of Vichy to thank even more than that formidable and ingenious Nazi General Rommel. For essential to our grip on the Mediterranean is the capture of the North African coast as far west as Tripoli, and essential to our ultimate victory is the command of the Mediterranean. Our second advance to Benghazi, though indecisive, may still rank as a victory in view of its discomfiture to Rommel; what has twice been done may well be done a third time with more enduring result. The Egypt that may have to be defended now is at least a pro-British Egypt, and a Nazi failure in attacking it might prove to be the beginning of our third and final capture of Libya with a strong, swift move into Tripolitania, bringing us up against the Tunisian frontiers of Vichy and the final show-down in that part of the world. But it took Britain five months to re-shape another Army of the Nile for the second advance to Benghazi, so that a speedy pursuit of even a beaten Rommel from the Egyptian frontier, with any assurance of a permanent lodgement at the end, is not to be looked as an early event. Meanwhile Gen. Smuts has told us that "South Africa is in dire peril," while a knowledgeable critic has said that if we are still holding Burma and Egypt at the end of 1942 the year will not have been ill-spent!

THE really decisive blow is most likely to come, however, when the present pact of non-aggression between Soviet Russia and Japan has served its purpose, just as Hitler's pact with Stalin served its ends—at both ends. This depends, of course, on the outcome of the Nazi-Soviet Spring campaigns in which so much of our fortune of war is bound up. If Russia holds fast on the west, then with her help, China's cooperation, and that unquestionable aerial supremacy which is surely shaping to reality in Britain and America, the destruction of Japan's cities and war centres will kill the yellow octopus at its head; its tentacles will loosen wherever they are now clinging on Pacific isles and Asiatic mainland. Not till then is the consciousness of impending defeat likely to awaken in the mind of Nazidom.

OBVIOUSLY, we have far to travel on a rocky road beset with difficulties and dangers, but it happens often, when the spirit is most depressed and the end still seems distant, that a backward glance will show how far we have travelled, and taking heart thereat we move on. Our surprise when we do arrive is to realize how near the end we had come when it still seemed far off. *J. A. HAMMERTON*

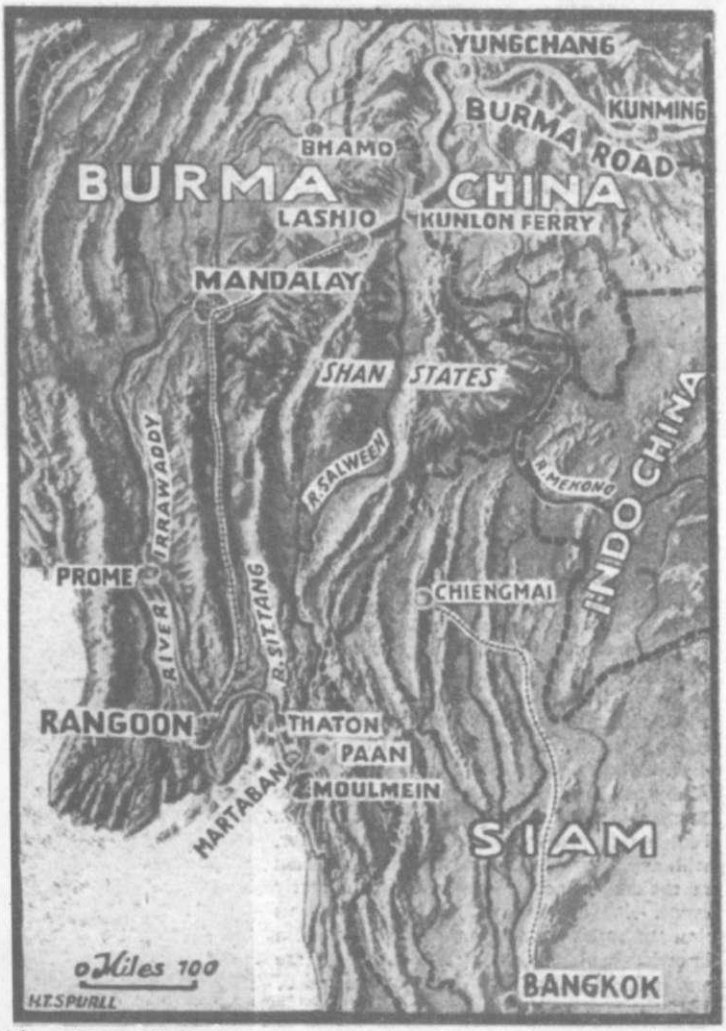
NEW ZEALAND GUNNERS serving in the Middle East are firing their 25-pounder at long range against enemy tank concentrations. A description of this gun, one of the world's best, is given in page 460. *Photos, British Official, Wide World, Sport & General, Associated Press*

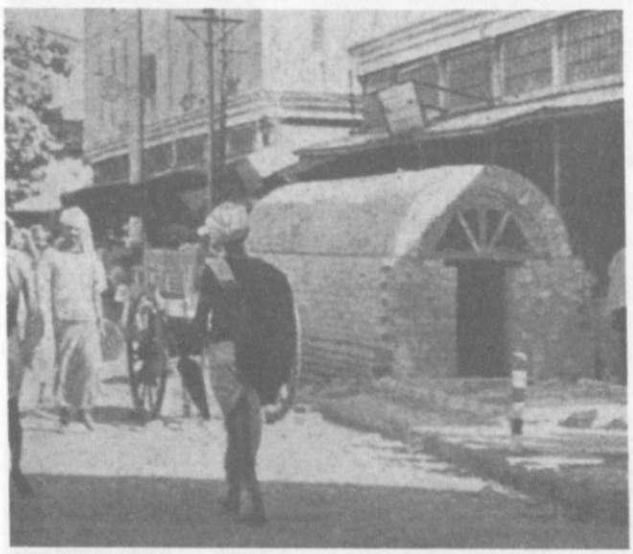
In Rangoon: Gateway to the Burma Road



Top right, an Air-raid Warden on duty outside a shelter in Rangoon. Circle, a Burman holding his child, whose mother has been killed in a raid.

Top left, photograph radioed from Tokyo to Berlin showing Japanese air bombardment of Rangoon. A map of this quarter of Burma's capital is inset. Above, a bomb-wrecked street in Rangoon, a city of over 400,000 inhabitants.

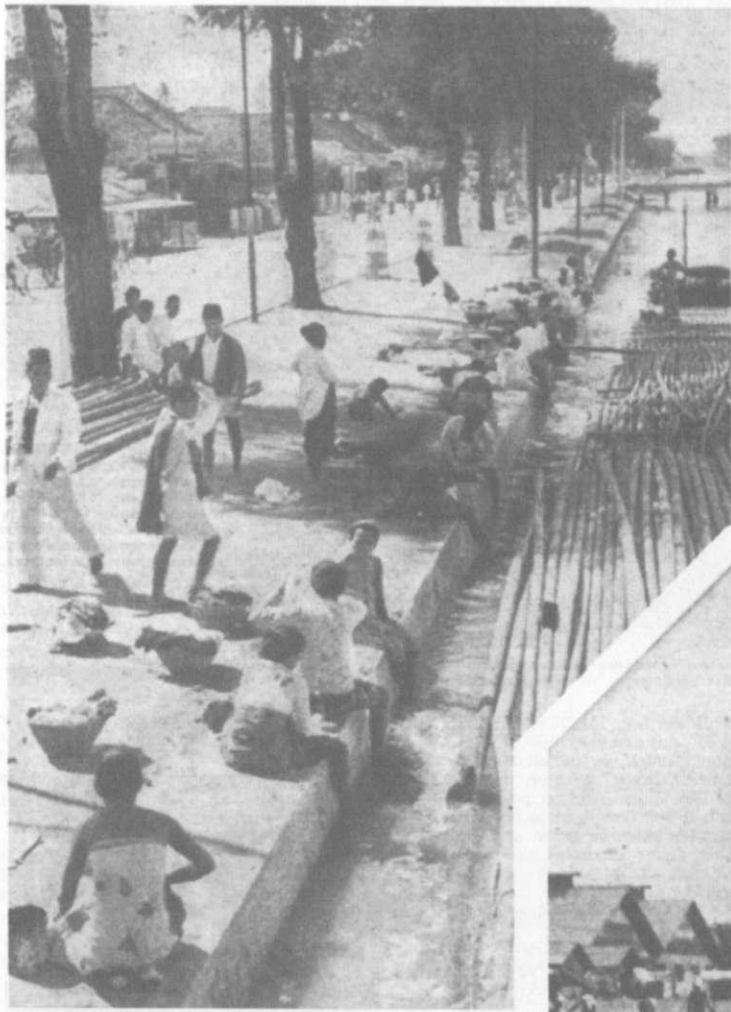




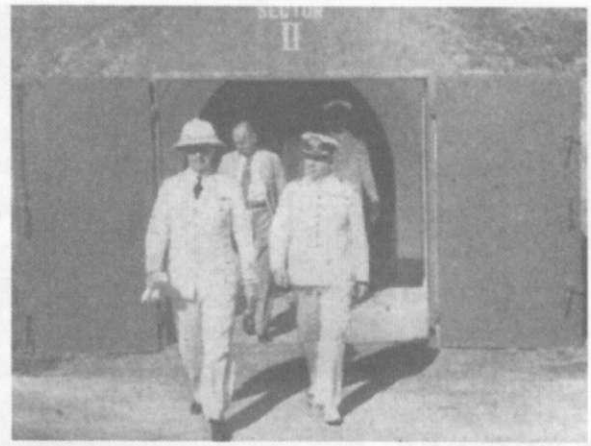
BURMA'S CAPITAL and seaport, Rangoon, has been heavily attacked from the air by the Japanese, though at great cost to themselves. Above, left, is one of the surface shelters in a main street of the town. Right, relief map of Burma. The Japanese crossed the Salween in considerable force and occupied Martaban on February 10, and on Feb. 16 occupied Thaton, only 50 miles from the Rangoon—Mandalay railway.

Photos. Keystone, British Newsreels. Maps, The Daily Mail and The Daily Express

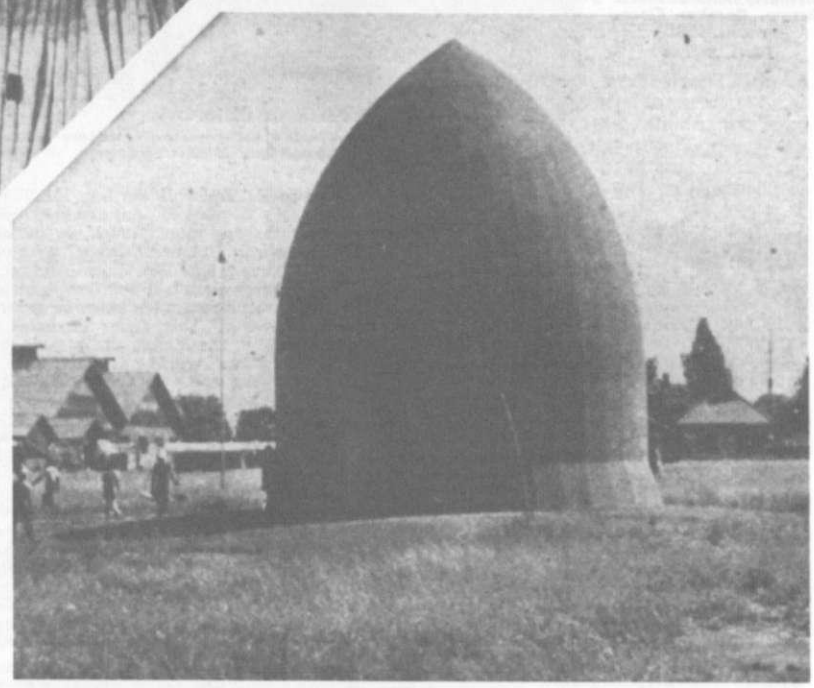
In Java They Prepared for Imminent Attack



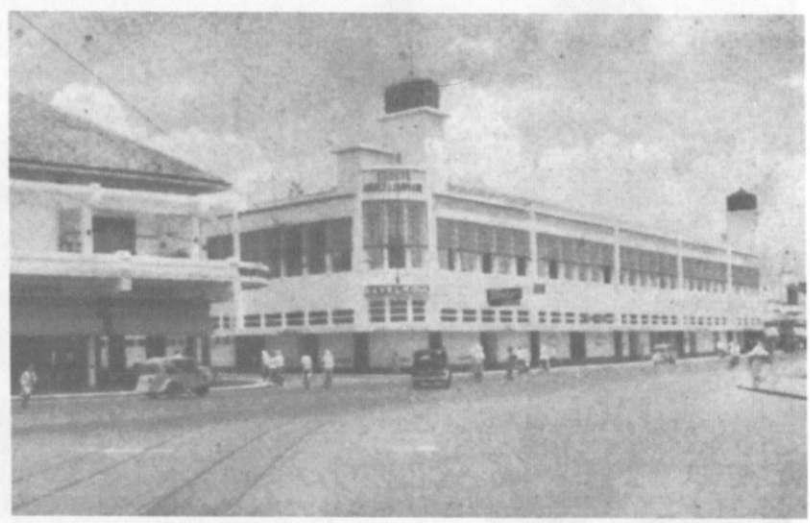
BATAVIA, capital of the Netherlands East Indies, is a great emporium of the East. Javanese women are here seen doing their washing by the canal bank.



Leaving one of the bomb-proof command centres at Surabaya, Java, are Jhr. Tjarda van Starkenborgh Stachouwer, Governor of the Dutch East Indies (left), and Vice-Adm. C. E. Helfrich, Commander of the Allied Naval Forces in the S.W. Pacific.



JAVANESE SHELTER of novel design. The air-raid shelters in Java are built in this strange shape to deflect what might otherwise be a direct hit. Many places in Java have been the targets of Japanese raiders, including Surabaya and Batavia, the capital.



SURABAYA, strongly fortified naval base in Java, is a fine city with a quarter of a million inhabitants, and on the right is one of its wide modern streets. The base has been heavily attacked by Japanese aircraft. On the left is one of the special highway barricades erected alongside roads around Surabaya. In case of invasion they can be tilted across the road.

Photos, Paul Popper, Associated Press, Pictorial Press, E.N.A.

Their Tomahawks 'Scalped' the Japs Over Burma

Air Vice-Marshal D. F. Stevenson, D.S.O., O.B.E., who has taken over the Burma Air Command. He was formerly A.O.C. No. 2 Group, Bomber Command, R.A.F.
Photo, Lafayette

A pilot of the American Volunteer Group wearing the national Chinese emblem on his flying jacket.

Maj.-Gen. Claire Chennault, in charge of the American volunteer pilots who have done such good work at Rangoon. He was an American infantry lieutenant in the last war.
Photo, Wide World

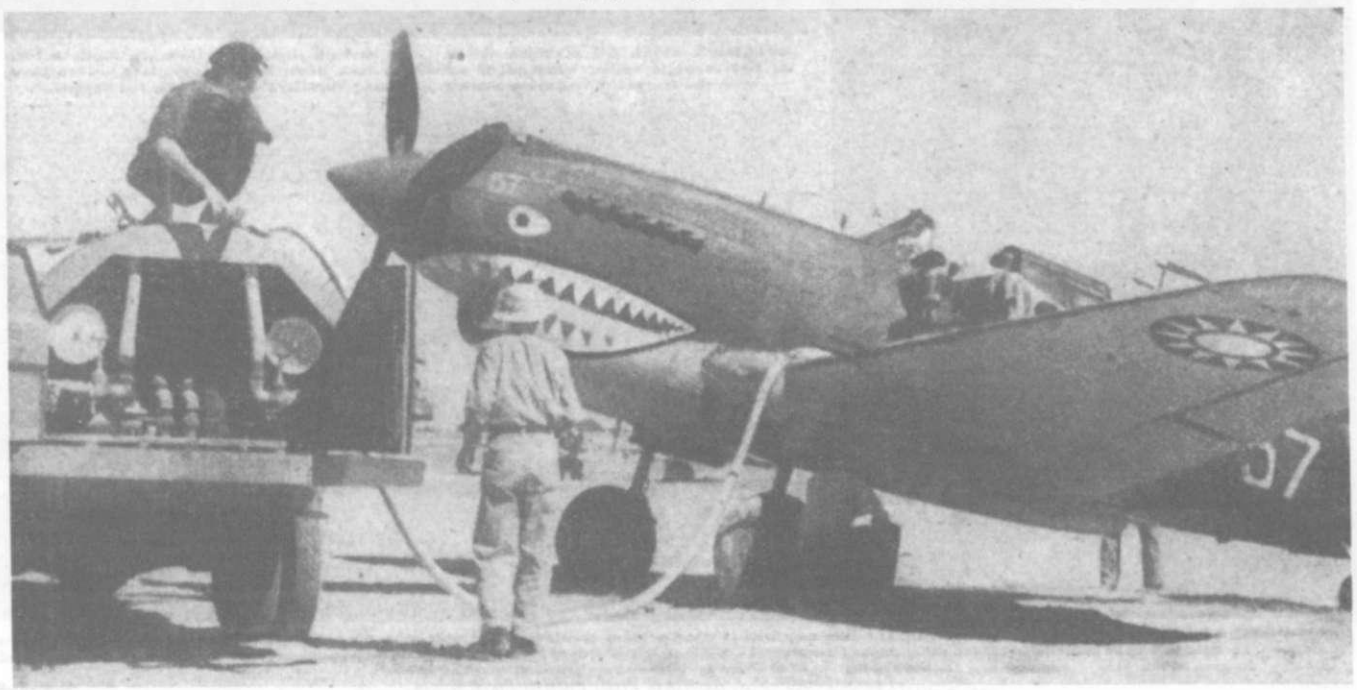
Airmen of the American Volunteer Group playing a ball game in front of one of their Tomahawks, as they await a call to take the air.
Photos, British Newsreel

IN a special Order of the Day, Air Vice-Marshal D. F. Stevenson, commanding the R.A.F. in Burma, paid high tribute to the airmen of the American Volunteer Group, who up to the end of January had shot down over 100, probably 130, Japanese aircraft in fourteen fights at the cost of five of their own pilots killed in action and one taken prisoner. This Order expressed the deep admiration of the R.A.F. and praised the Americans in these words: "The high courage, skilful fighting and offensive spirit displayed mark the A.V.G. as a first-class fighting force."

These airmen, who have been doing such fine work at Rangoon, are Americans who resigned U.S. commissions to join the China Air Force and protect the American lease-lend convoys passing along the Burma Road. Under the terms of their contract with the Chinese Government they are paid 500 dollars for every Japanese plane destroyed.

Because they fly Tomahawks the pilots of the A.V.G. are known as Scalper Squadrons, and since they enlisted in the China Air Force as civilians all Scalper officers are addressed as "Mr." These men, by their victories above the paddy fields of Burma, are helping to avenge Pearl Harbour.

Above, a Tomahawk being loaded up with ammunition by men of the A.V.G. Below, some of them are refuelling a Tomahawk. Their planes are painted to resemble the head of a shark.



The Strange Case of Mr. De Valera's Ireland

Speaking on Feb. 3, Mr. De Valera warned the Irish people that, in a war situation that might last for four years more, Ireland might become a cockpit. Attacked by one or both belligerents, she would defend her liberty : hence, " we should not be satisfied until we have 250,000 men trained as soldiers." But (it may be asked) would they suffice against panzers and dive-bombers ?

BECAUSE he was an American citizen—he was born in New York in 1882 of a Spanish father and an Irish mother—Mr. De Valera was not shot in 1916 for his part in the Easter rising in Dublin. Other commandants of the insurgent Republicans were given short shrift, and he was sentenced to death by the British military tribunal. But in 1916 America had not yet entered the war, and it was thought that it would not look too good for an American citizen to be put up against the wall. So Eamon De Valera was reprieved . . . lived to protest 25 years later against the coming of American troops to Northern Ireland without previous consultation with the Eireann Government of which he is the head.

Years ago " Dev " was cordially hated on this side of the Irish Sea. Nor was this surprising, since he was one of the most prominent of those who took up arms against the British in Ireland. Nothing could curb his intransigent spirit. He fought us ; he fought his old revolutionary colleagues when they made peace with Lloyd George and established the Free State. Even when he made his peace with the Treatyites he still maintained his fierce hostility to the British and to those who, in his opinion, were too friendly to British men and ways.

All that is long ago, however. Since 1932 he has been the Premier of Southern Ireland ; and today De Valera and Eire are almost synonymous, so extraordinarily tenacious is his hold over his people's imagination. He is still as fanatical as of yore, still an extremist of extremists ; but Ireland's Roosevelt, as he might well be styled, has other qualities that endear him not only to his friends but to former foes. He is a man of deep religious conviction, a strictly practising Catholic, and no bigot ; he is a man of simple life who neither smokes nor drinks, but in his leisure moments plays chess, listens to the wireless and dabbles in mathematics. He has a wife and family, and they live in quite a small house in a Dublin suburb. His salary as Taoiseach (Prime Minister) is £2,500 per annum, but he takes less.

Following the establishment of the Irish Free State in 1921, the Irish question, so far as Britain was concerned, seemed to be settled. Two questions only kept the two countries apart : the partition of Ireland into the 26 counties of Eire and the six of Northern Ireland, and the continued occupation by the Royal Navy of the three ports of Cobh (Queenstown), Lough Swilly and Bere Haven. But war has brought new differences, created fresh difficulties. Eire alone amongst the nations composing the British Commonwealth is neutral. The German Embassy still functions in Dublin, and Herr Hempel has, no doubt, proved himself exceedingly useful to his masters in Berlin. British airmen who are forced down in Eire are interned. Irishmen who have enlisted into the British Army have to change into " civvies " before they are allowed into Eire to visit their relations. Yet across a not very well guarded frontier a large British army, now reinforced by a strong contingent of Americans, keeps watch and ward in Ulster. So strange is the situation that it has given rise to much unfavourable comment on this side of the water. Why should British and American ships bring foodstuffs and fodder to Eire, when Mr. De Valera " walks by on the other side " of the war ? How long could Eire remain neutral if it were not for the British Navy who guard the seas around her shores, and the British Army in the north ? Why won't Mr. De Valera come in on the same side with Mackenzie King, Smuts, and Curtin ? *Why won't the Irish people let us use those ports?*

That question of the ports takes us back to 1937, when Mr. Chamberlain handed them back to Eire. Today we wish he had not done so ; but at the time the move found plenty of defenders, and Lord Chatfield, who was First Sea Lord at the time, has recently restated the case for their return. Opposition in Eire to the occupation of the ports by the United Kingdom was increasing, and it was obvious that unless we were willing and able to hold them by military force they would be useless for naval purposes. To have made them secure against land attack in time of war by a hostile Eire would have required considerable military forces, and these we did not possess over and above those needed to fulfil our Continental obligations. Even if we had retained them, there was little chance that the Royal Navy would be able to make use of them in time of war. On the other hand, there was a hope that an improved atmosphere would be created that might enable the Navy to use the ports in wartime by consent, and in any case there was a greater chance that the ports would be denied by Eire herself to the enemy for hostile action against us. Of course, no one thought at that time that France would collapse, and that the strategic naval position would become what it has been. But at least it may be urged that, while we have been able to control the submarine menace without the use of the Eire ports, those same ports have been up to now effectively denied to the Germans.

EAMON DE VALERA, Taoiseach or Prime Minister of Eire, at work seated beneath a plaque of the late Arthur Griffith, one of the founders of the Sinn Fein movement and of the Irish Free State, now Eire. *Photo, Topical*

Eire, then, is not in the war ; all the same, she has not been able to escape its effects. Apart from the German bombs which fell on Dublin by mistake, the war has brought many changes to Irish life. Since the island is by no means self-supporting, there is severe rationing of foodstuffs, fodder, petrol, and all kinds of fuel. Wheat is short, and oats and barley have to be used in the loaf. Sugar is getting scarce, and the tea ration is half an ounce per week. Many Sunday trains have been cut, and the private motorist has almost left the roads. Very little coal is imported from England, and the people have been told to use turf in their grates as their fathers did. The imports of building materials, too, have been largely reduced, so that the much needed rehousing of the people has been stopped. Something not far from famine, Mr. Sean Lemass, Minister for Supplies, has said, may arise in Eire unless the people exert themselves strenuously to avoid it.

Such deprivations are only to be expected in a country at war, but the Irishman, and still more the Irishman's wife, find it difficult to understand why they should be necessary in Ireland since Ireland is neutral. We find that lack of understanding surprising ; but then we do not realize to what an extent the Irish are a censored people. There are three censorships in present-day Eire : the religious and moral censorship exercised by the Catholic Church ; the political censorship of controversial and " sex " books directed by the Government ; and, thirdly, the wartime censorship carried out in pursuit of the neutrality policy. So complete is this that the Irish people are shockingly ignorant of the war and of the issues at stake. Letters to Eire have to run the gauntlet of two censorships. Newspapers are strictly censored, and also the wireless and films. Recently, we are told, an Irish news reel was banned from the cinemas because it showed children at the London Zoo feeding the elephants ; the children were carrying gas-masks, and it was considered that the gas-masks might evoke sympathy for Britain — which would be inconsistent with Eire's neutrality ! No photograph of Mr. Churchill, nor of Hitler or Mussolini, is permitted on the screen. No battle incidents may be depicted. Such words as Fifth Column, sabotage, and refugees are cut out of any film sequence.

In spite of this official blanketing of the war, there are some Irishmen who do realize the issues at stake, e.g. Mr. J. M. Dillon, a leader of the opposition Fine Gael party, who has repeatedly urged that an approach should be made to the U.S.A. as well as to Britain lest Ireland should be turned into a " German Gibraltar in the Atlantic." For the most part, however, Irishmen follow Mr. De Valera's lead, and trust him to see the thing through. And he, though he prophesies no smooth things, still puts his trust in that neutrality which betrayed Holland and Belgium, Denmark and Norway.

E. ROYSTON PIKE

Our Searchlight on the War

ARE BIG SHIPS OBSOLETE?

It has been assumed that the 83,000-ton French liner Normandie, which was destroyed by fire in New York harbour, was being converted into an aircraft carrier.

THE big ship in this war has proved the biggest failure. The small ships—our little corvettes, for instance—have been a great success. The 27,000-ton Ark Royal, launched in 1937 and costing £3,215,639, did valiant service, but she was too large a target to escape the ubiquitous torpedo, and was sunk in the Mediterranean on Nov. 13 last. We need not recapitulate the melancholy record of big naval craft losses and their crews during the present conflict. But to ignore the lesson of these casualties would be extremely foolish. The floating leviathan by itself has become obsolete. Since an aircraft carrier with a large number of its own planes cannot protect itself, is it unreasonable to assume that huge battleships, even if accompanied by fighter escorts, are far too vulnerable? If the Normandie was being fitted up as an aircraft carrier her loss by fire may be a blessing in disguise, for her chances of going to the bottom with 75 aeroplanes and her crew would have been even greater than those of the Ark Royal. The question to ask is how long an aircraft carrier must be to carry a few aeroplanes? The need is for a large number of small, fast and easily manoeuvrable floating aerodromes, not for colossal targets such as the Normandie would have proved to be.

Dr. FRITZ TODT, Hitler's chief engineer, was killed in a plane crash on the Russian front on Feb. 8. *Photo, Universal*

COMMERCIAL QUISLINGS

The daily list of convictions for black market traffic increases in length. This criminal commerce is the most appalling disgrace of the war.

WHILE the Ministry of Food has done splendid work in trying to give everybody a square food-deal, a minority of unscrupulous sellers and buyers defy the law and make immense profits by so doing. Nor do the heavy fines inflicted upon them have any effect. The fact that our seamen are sacrificing their lives to keep Britain supplied with essentials is nothing to these heartless profiteers. They take their blood money and prosper. They are worse than highwaymen, who did, at least, run the risk of being shot or hanged. The traffic, of course, could be stopped at once if the British public solemnly resolved, as a whole, to have nothing to do with the black marketeers. The man or woman who obtains something extra in this contemptible way is a nauseating specimen, and we do not doubt that there are some who boast about their "triumphs." They should be reported to the police. While there are far too many official warnings in the form of posters to the citizen not to behave like a congenital idiot, we have not yet noticed any appeal to the public to denounce the black marketeers, and to avoid them on the grounds of common patriotism. Furthermore, is it sufficient to fine companies guilty of this crime? The people responsible should be imprisoned without the option, and their names should be given the widest publicity.

FIREMEN ICEBREAKERS dealing with the thick ice formed on emergency water tanks in a London street during a recent cold spell.

Photo, Planet News

SERVICE COOPERATION

The training of a large proportion of the Luftwaffe was based on co-operation with the land forces of the Reich, whereas that aspect of cooperation was largely overlooked in our case.—*A correspondent in The Times*

THE R.A.F. in itself will not bring us victory. The Navy alone cannot win the war, and the Army would be helpless without the support of the other two arms. Recent controversy has suggested that a tradition of independence rather than co-operation still lingers. It is of paramount importance that the three Services should know how to combine to the full when the opportunity arrives to destroy the German armies. The enemy's initial victories were due to his new idea of using the Luftwaffe, in conjunction with heavy tanks, as mobile artillery, while the Allies, thinking in terms of the last war, were employing the few aeroplanes they possessed for reconnaissance, isolated bombing and individual combat. The Battle of Britain was, of course, a unique occasion, and it is hardly likely that the circumstances that made the R.A.F. sole arbiters in this action will occur again. We are preparing to smash Germany on land, so completely, in fact, that Allied armies can march through her territory and occupy it throughout. To ensure such a victory the R.A.F. and the Army will have to work in the closest cooperation. Let us by all means continue to bomb military objectives in Germany, let us be ready for the eventuality of great sky battles, but let us also remember that the Army must have overwhelming fighter support, working in the closest possible conjunction with the military.

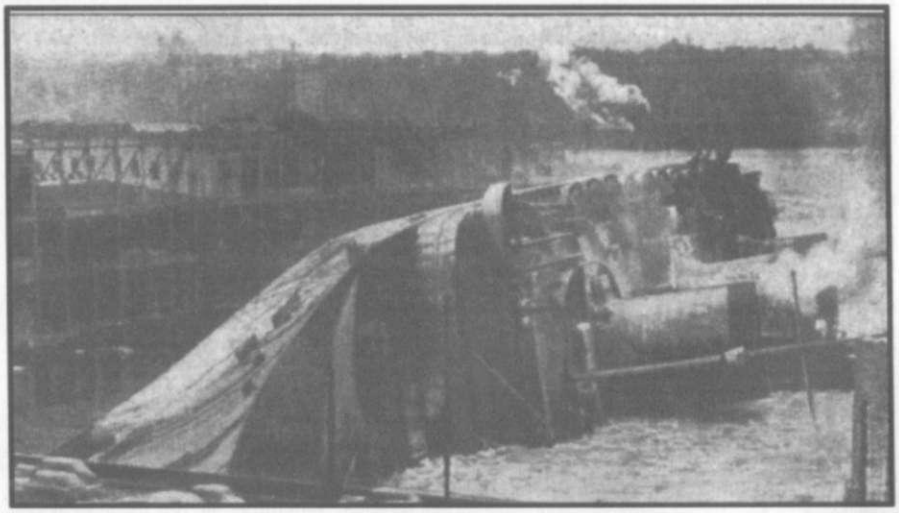
REBIRTH OF A NATION

When peace came one of the gravest problems facing the nation would be that of unemployment. It was to be hoped that priority would be given to rebuilding the homes of the people.—*Lord Sankey*

COMPREHENSIVE plans for reconstruction after the war are by no means premature, for there is a vast amount of work to be done, and we must be ready to do it. This time a land fit for heroes must be no rhetorical joke. Change and progress are long overdue. The programme will probably be a happy mean between those who would apply the "scorched earth" policy equally to all that is good or bad in our traditional system, and those hard-faced cynics who hope that the more things change the more they will remain the same. One reform is imperative above all others. Whether it means a modification of the capitalistic system or not, the British people are not going to suffer the degradation of mass unemployment. Another important reform will be the final abolition of the slums; but the authorities must make sure that speculative jerry-builders do not disfigure the countryside with new slums. The health and prosperity of the nation will depend to a large extent on rural economy, and that means an agricultural system which makes farming and farm labour a living industry. In spite of the cranks who hint at revolution, the British public, always strongly individualistic and dubious about political extremism, will prefer to express the national genius for evolution. It would appear that the nation-planners will have to work outside the baleful influence of party politics or their efforts will be frustrated. It is difficult to visualize the kind of world that will evolve from the present chaos, but of this we can be certain. Reconstruction will demand immense natural resources and unlimited labour. True wealth is inherent in these factors if they are allowed to exercise a reasonably free play, and are not hindered by gold standards and suchlike financial strait jackets which tend to restrict trade and consumption of goods.

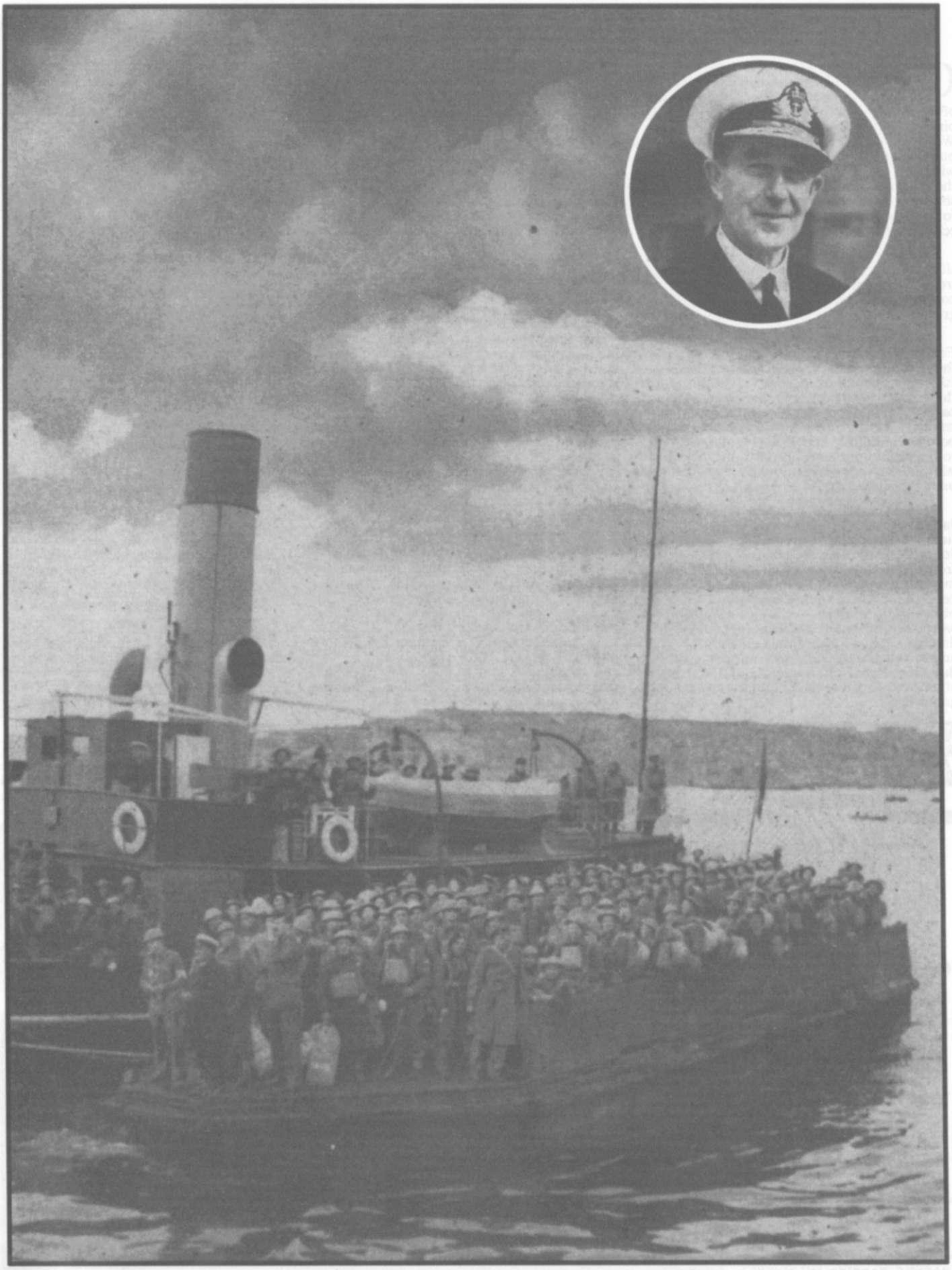
Brig. J. C. CAMPBELL, who won the M.C. in 1919, has been awarded the V.C., the D.S.O. and a bar to the D.S.O. for gallantry during operations in Libya. The V.C. was awarded for most conspicuous gallantry at Sidi Rezegh in Nov. 1941 while in command of a small force which was repeatedly attacked by large enemy formations. Throughout the action, in which he was wounded, "his magnificent example and his utter disregard of personal danger were an inspiration to all who saw him."

Photo, The Times



THE NORMANDIE, fire-ravaged and waterlogged, lying on her side in the mud and ice of Hudson River, following the disastrous fire which broke out aboard her on Feb. 9. It was said to have been caused by a welder's torch igniting bedding. *Photo, Planet News*

More Men for Gallant Malta's Defence



GOING ASHORE AT MALTA are these troops who formed part of a large convoy which recently arrived safely at the Grand Harbour. The intensification of the air raids on Malta, the massing of Luftwaffe units in Sicily and the recent visit there of Goering are portents that an attempt may soon be made to wrest this vital base from British hands. Inset, Vice-Admiral Sir Ralph Leatham, K.C.B., Flag Officer in Charge, Malta. Commanding the troops in Malta is Maj.-Gen. D. M. W. Beak, V.C.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

The Tragic Story of Singapore's Fall

The fall of Singapore with the loss of many brave lives and some 50,000 prisoners was a major defeat for the Empire. Once again it was a case of inadequate mechanical support. Our troops put up a magnificent defence to the last and covered themselves with glory, but they were overwhelmed.

On Feb. 12 the Empire was confronted with the blackest day since Dunkirk. The public was shocked by the news of the imminent fall of Singapore, the lynch-pin of Britain's power in the Far East. We had been prepared for bad tidings, but that the city's defence should collapse within 52 hours of the Japanese invasion of the island was beyond belief. There was still some doubt as to the finality of this disaster, for the news came from Japanese sources, echoed by Berlin.

But as the day wore on we learned that the situation was not entirely hopeless, that our troops had refused to surrender and were counter-attacking. Let us recapitulate the great story of the defence of Singapore.

For a day or two at the beginning of February there was an ominous lull along the south coast of Johore facing Singapore Island, broken by occasional gunfire across the narrow strait. The Japanese were preparing for their great assault, assembling troops, tanks, heavy guns, barges, fighter and bomber aircraft. The British did their best to break up these concentrations. Meanwhile, the enemy increased their vicious raids on Singapore city.

On Feb. 6 there was still no sign of any Japanese mass attack. Our artillery continued to bombard enemy movements in the Johore Bahru area. British and Imperial troops, assisted by Chinese volunteers, manned every yard of the coast, the whole beach bristling with machine-gun nests and observation posts. Mortars and other weapons were placed where they could do most damage to the enemy immediately he struck across the water. The intermittent artillery duel gathered in intensity, and the enemy attacked with low-level bombing and machine-gun fire.

On the eighth day of the siege Singapore city realized its close proximity to the invader. Residential areas were bombarded with medium artillery fire at the extreme range of twelve miles, our heavy guns answering in loud cannonade. Doors and windows rattled everywhere, ceilings cracked, houses collapsed under the vibrant shock of this terrific gun duel. As each dawn rose, blood-red over the beleaguered and smoking island, the battle of shell and counter-shell increased throughout the long and brilliant tropic day. At regular intervals Japanese bombers came over and dropped their loads of death among the inhabitants. Europeans, Malays, and Chinese went about their work of defence and succour.

Landings on the Island

The first news of a Japanese landing nearing Singapore was published on Feb. 9, when it was learned that enemy patrols had succeeded in occupying Ubin Island in the north-east part of the strait on the previous morning. Next day the Japanese landed in force on the western shore of Singapore between Sungei Kranji and Pasa Laba under a heavy barrage and fighter and bomber support. Our troops attacked with supreme vigour and courage, inflicting heavy losses, and our tragically outnumbered aeroplanes did their best to stem the yellow tide. The R.A.F. destroyed and damaged 19 enemy aircraft.

On landing the Japanese followed the same tactics as in Malaya, splitting up into individual groups and filtering through the mangrove swamps, jungle, and rubber plantations. On the same day they claimed to have smashed British gun-emplacements and pill-boxes at the end of the causeway two and a half miles east of the Kranji river, and that their troops had reached a point ten miles from Singapore.

The British Navy under continuous fire had been playing a vital part in Malayan coastal waters, harassing the enemy, and small vessels were being used to evacuate scattered units of British soldiers who had been cut off in the retreat from the Peninsula. As many as a thousand were rescued by the same methods as used at Dunkirk. Similarly, small craft of the Royal Navy and Netherlands Navy also rushed in and out of Singapore harbour in the south of the island to take off women and children.

What had happened to the great naval base? The fortification, which had been twenty years building and cost perhaps £60,000,000, had to be submitted to the "scorched earth" policy. The splendid floating dock for a 45,000-ton battleship, the smaller docks, the barracks for thousands of workers—all the accumulated engineering and scientific skill of a generation was ruined as far as its original purpose as a great naval depot was concerned. But in spite of fanatical Japanese efforts to capture the position with tanks, dive-bombers, and fighters, the British forces, according to information received from Bombay early on Feb. 13, were still in possession, and had made the naval base the pivot in a defensive line running south through the centre of the island to Tanglin, the racecourse suburb, north-west of Singapore, down to the coast in the region of Pasir Pajang. The strategic significance of this line was to defend the reservoirs, north-west of the racecourse, on which the city's water supply depended.

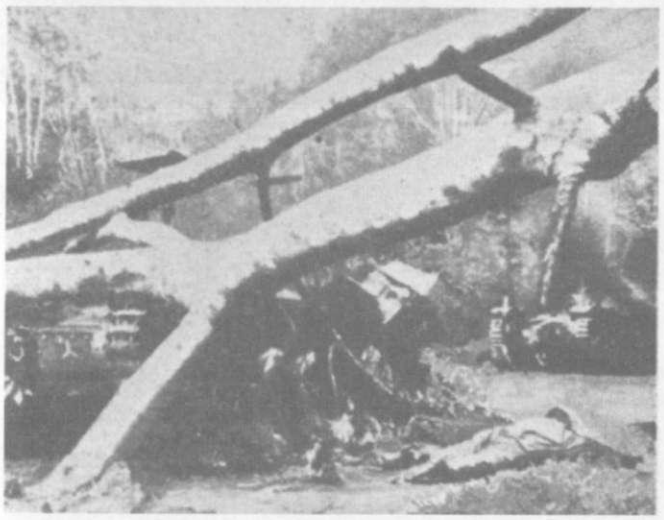
The Japanese penetrated this south-west corner of the city, and immediately boasted that it had fallen and that their flag was flying over the centre. But the boast was premature. Singapore was doggedly fighting on, General Yamashita's demand for its surrender having been rejected.

Our troops continued fighting all round the Singapore defence perimeter, and to the north and west of the island. Such was the position on the morning of Feb. 13. But, as has been proved so often, courage is not enough. Without mechanical support it is wasted. As the hours passed in that tragic week it was only too clear that Singapore would fall. General Percival was compelled to surrender unconditionally, and he and General Yamashita met at 2.30 (local time) on Feb. 15 and signed the necessary documents.

PACIFIC BARRIER of island masses which, stretched across the seas between the continents of Asia and Australia, separates the Pacific Ocean from the Indian Ocean. Japan's object is to capture the whole of this vast archipelago and then secure control of the Indian Ocean. While the tragedy of Singapore, described in this page, was being played out, the Japanese were also attacking Borneo and the Celebes, where they had landed substantial forces, while many military and naval objectives, such as Surabaya, Rembang, Madiean, Malang and Port Moresby were subjected to violent air raids. *Map by Courtesy of News Chronicle*

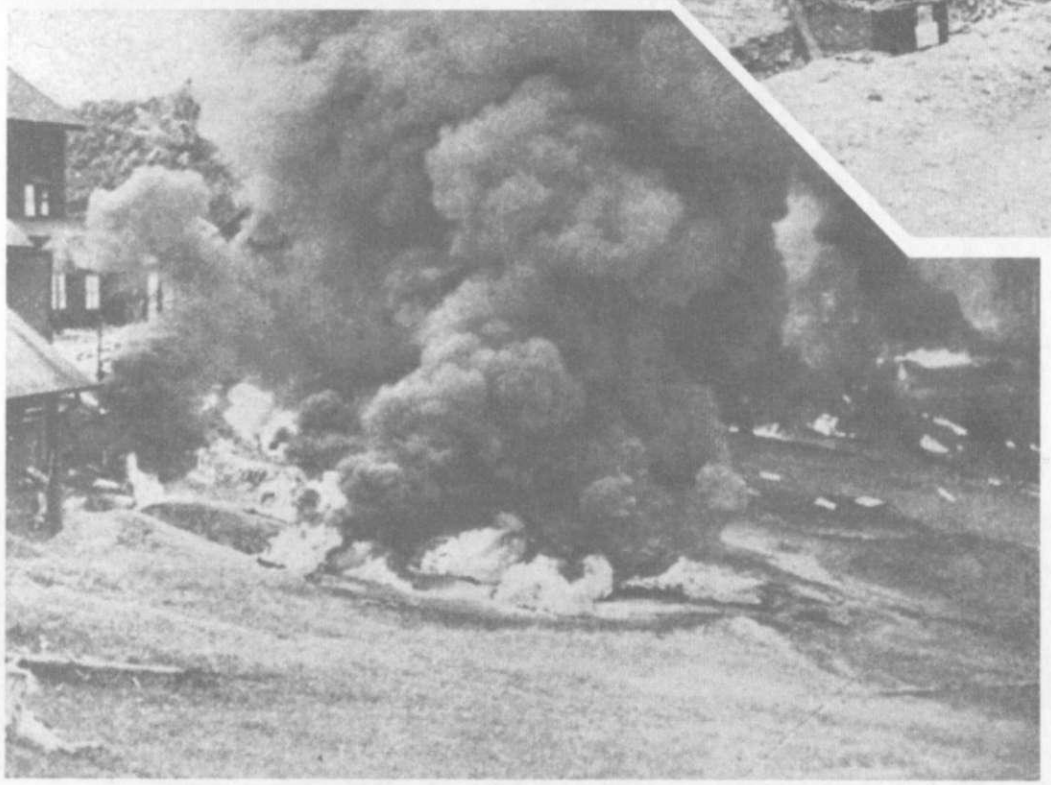
So They *Did* Scorch the Earth in Malaya

RUBBER PLANTATION in Malaya razed to the ground by the British before the Japanese invaders arrived. Hundreds of acres of rubber plantations were destroyed in this manner.



JAPANESE TANKS were destroyed in large numbers during the fighting in Malaya. A tree has fallen across the tank in the foreground and a member of its crew lies dead beside it. In the background another burns.

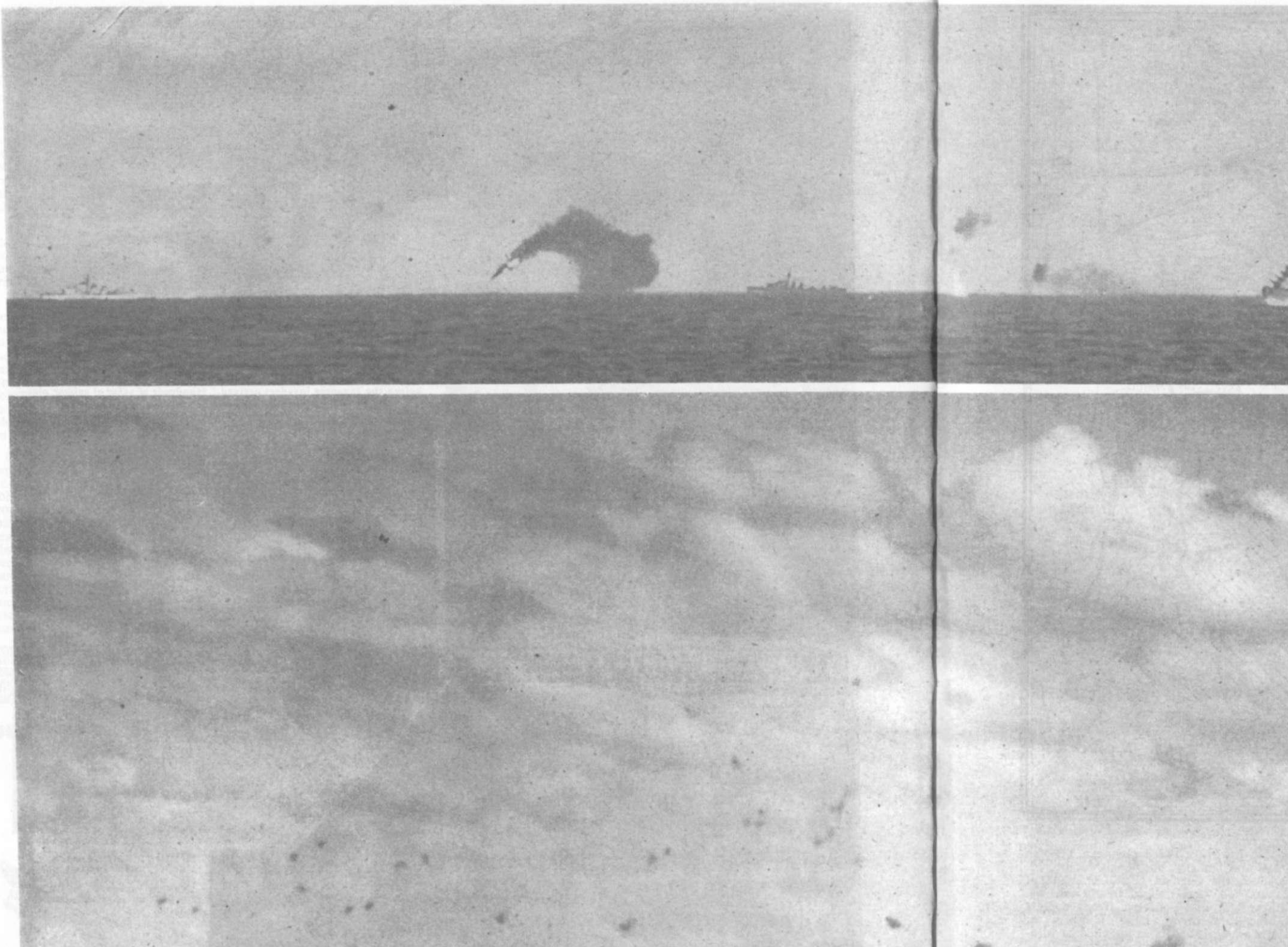
MINING A BRIDGE near Kuala Lumpur, these Indian sappers are making sure that the Japanese advance shall be delayed as long as possible.



A thick pall of pungent smoke hangs in the air as a rubber factory is destroyed by British forces during their withdrawal through the Malay Peninsula. Thousands of bales of rubber were burnt, factories set on fire and machinery smashed.

Photos, British Official; Associated Press and Keystone

Through the Enemy-infested Waters of the Mediterranean a British Con



What the Russians Have Done This Winter

WHAT the Red Army had accomplished in the first two months of its great counter-offensive has been clearly summed up by Mikhail Kalinin, Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet.

"For nearly two months now," he said, "the Red Army has been successfully developing its offensive. During this time some units have advanced at least 250 miles. The fact that our troops have passed to the offensive is by no means accidental. It is a consequence of the tactics employed by them during their retreat. The Red Army's defence was an active defence. In all their operations our troops followed the principal rule of the Soviet Command—exhaust the enemy's strength to the limit and inflict on him the heaviest possible losses. During the retreat our army coped with this task more brilliantly than in any past war.

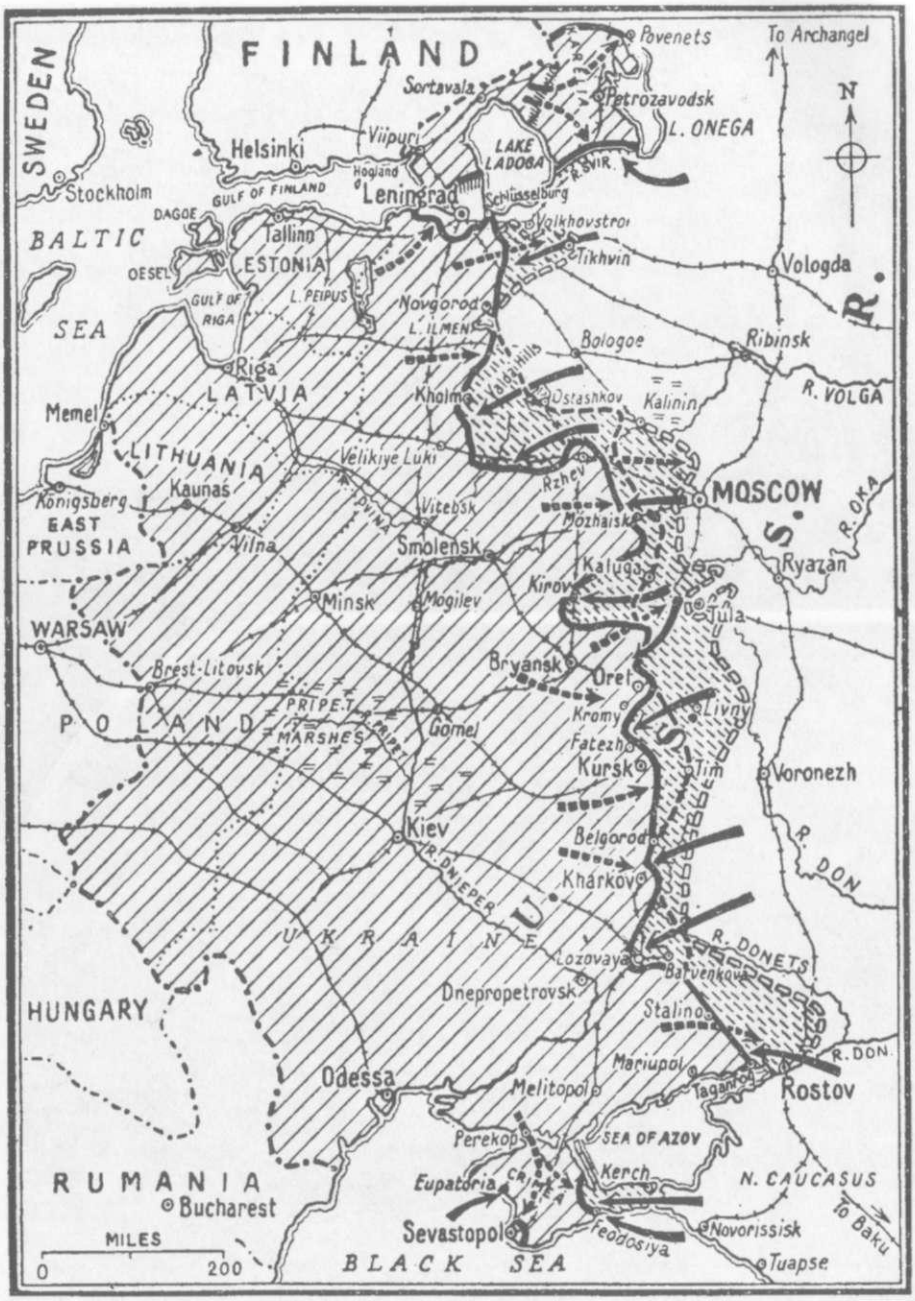
"The Germans measure their successes by the number of towns they seize and the area of territory they occupy. Our commanders, on the other hand, measure our successes by the losses which the enemy has suffered and by the extent of his exhaustion. Hitler, undeterred by heavy losses, sacrificed everything to his delirious plan for capturing Moscow. He has already paid dearly for it and will pay still more dearly. With staunch troops and a skilful Command, Moscow was the perfect place for resisting and defeating the enemy. And on Nov. 6 and 7, at a time when it seemed that the German army had achieved its greatest success at the approaches to the capital, Stalin confidently called upon our army and the whole Soviet people to inflict utter defeat on the invaders.

"My words are inadequate to describe the effect of Stalin's speech on our population and the army. I can only say that our strength seemed to redouble. It was one of the most remarkable events in the history of the war. During the retreat our army fought heroically and the enemy paid a heavy toll for every inch of our territory The Red Army's efforts were not futile. They created the conditions for our offensive. The initiative passed to our troops. Town after town, district after district, are being liberated from the yoke of the Nazi invaders. The hour is not far distant when all our Republics now occupied by the Germans will return to their family."

SOME idea of what the Red Army has done since it began its counter-offensive at the beginning of December may be gained from the map in this page, which shows the line of the farthest German advance into Russia and the approximate line reached by the Red Army at the end of January. At first sight it seems little. A vast area has still to be recaptured before the Germans are pushed back to the line from which they started. But, considering the vast strength of the German Army and their paramount desire of creating a static front for the winter, the relentless drive of the Red Armies in conditions which were formerly supposed to preclude offensive action is a good omen.

A few weeks ago the enemy was at the gates of Moscow, Leningrad seemed hopelessly beleaguered, Rostov was in the hands of the Germans, and Axis forces had overrun the whole of the Crimea. Today Smolensk, 230 miles from Moscow, is threatened by pincers movements from north and south; the operations for freeing Leningrad have made substantial progress; Timoshenko's forces stand at the gates of Kharkov; the Germans have been thrown out of Rostov, and a portion of the Crimea, including Kerch, is once again in Russian hands, thus removing an immediate threat to the Caucasus.

It must be remembered that the Germans are making every effort to stem the Soviet offensive until the spring, in order that after mustering their forces they can once again launch a mighty offensive. The main object of the Russian High Command therefore is to give the Germans no respite, to make them use their reserves and to prevent their main forces from eluding pursuit. Not to delay for an instant, to continue the relentless drive westward, such is the avowed aim of the Red Army and its leaders.



Courtesy of The Manchester Guardian

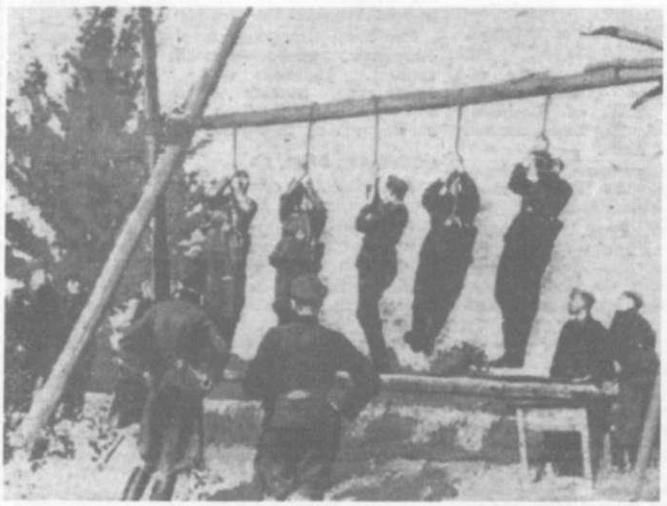
DURING January the most pressing need of the Germans on the central sector of the front was to try to save the few main railway lines of communication westward. But one of them, from Moscow to Riga, passing through Rzhev, was cut for a hundred miles or more when the Red Army, developing a strong offensive from the region of the Valdai Hills, drove a deep wedge into the German line between Lake Ilmen and Rzhev. Leaving Rzhev in a deep pocket from which the only way of escape was southwards to Vyazma, the Russians cut this railway from Olenino to a point not far from Velikiye Luki. There remained the railway and highway to Smolensk, but these, too, were threatened by the Russian advance from Kaluga to Kirov.

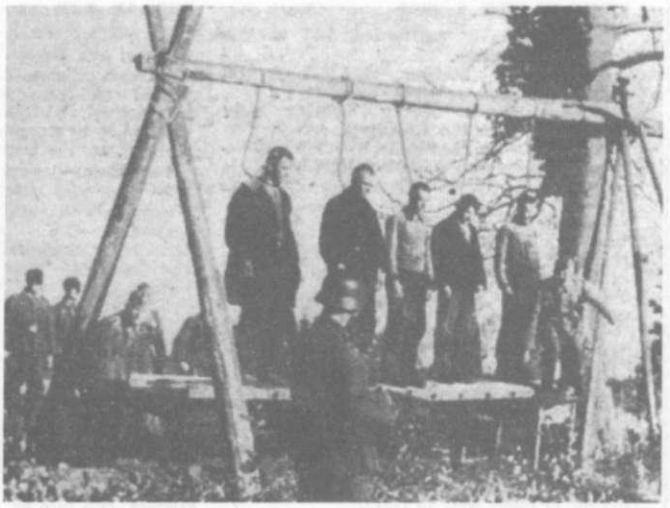
Then, while the Germans were endeavouring to parry the thrust from the Valdai Hills, a powerful offensive was launched by Timoshenko's armies in the region of the Donets basin, and though Kharkov, strongly fortified by the Germans, remained in Nazi hands, the Red Army captured the junction of Krasnograd and made good progress towards the Dnieper, Lozovaya and Barvenkova, between Donets and Dnieper, both being recaptured. Moreover, the German High Command, it was reported, were obliged to put into the south-western and southern fronts against Timoshenko's drives large numbers of reserves which it had been intended to withhold for a possible spring offensive.

Meanwhile the operations for the relief of Leningrad continued and the Russians drove several wedges into the zone near Schlüsselburg, while the beleaguered garrison co-operated by making frequent sorties.

But no one more than the Russians themselves realizes that there is yet a long way to go before the invader is driven from their homeland. They do not underestimate the enemy's potential and realize that the whole winter production of an enslaved Europe may be hurled against them in the spring. But they have complete confidence both in the Red Army and its Command, and in Mr. Stalin's wise and efficient leadership. Russia does not wait on Hitler's will but presses forward with inexorable strength.

They Fight and Die for Mother Russia





NAZI BARBARITY is exemplified in the photographs above found on a dead German officer in Russia. On the left Nazis test the ropes on which five Soviet villagers, seen right a moment before the table was knocked from under their feet, were hanged.

Left, a Russian guerilla band, with rifles and a sub-machine-gun, thread their way through high grass to find the enemy. Below, an American-built Tomahawk in service with the Red Army and its Soviet crew.

WELCOMING GUERILLAS who have safely returned to their native village after activities in the German rear. President Kalinin recently stated that Stalin's call for guerilla warfare was an exceptionally important factor which helped to inflict heavy losses on the enemy and caused demoralization among his troops. *Photos, British Official*

Our Diary of the War

SUNDAY, FEB. 8, 1942 *890th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of the destroyer Matabele.

Air.—Enemy bomber shot down off Belgian coast.

Russian Front.—Heavy fighting near Schlusselburg in the Leningrad sector.

Africa.—Little change in the land situation. British holding defence lines in Gazala area. Night raid by Axis aircraft on Alexandria.

Far East.—Japanese reported to have landed on Ubin Island in Johore Strait. In the Philippines, heavy aerial bombardment of MacArthur's positions.

General.—Dr. Fritz Todt, Hitler's chief engineer, killed in a plane crash in Russia.

MONDAY, FEB. 9 *891st day*

Russian Front.—Red Army units made a furtlier advance in the Donetz area.

Mediterranean.—Admiralty announced the torpedoing of two enemy supply vessels by naval torpedo-bombers on the night of Feb. 6.

Africa.—British forces made contact with enemy 12 miles west of Gazala.

Far East.—Strong Japanese forces landed on the N.W. corner of Singapore Island. Batavia raided by Japanese aircraft. Japanese claimed to have crossed the Salween River, in Burma.

General.—The French liner Normandie, now U.S. auxiliary ship Lafayette, caught fire and capsized in New York harbour.

TUESDAY, FEB. 10 *892nd day*

Russian Front.—Russians claimed to have driven deep wedges into German zone around Leningrad.

Mediterranean.—Admiralty announced two more enemy supply ships sunk.

Africa.—Active patrol work in the area south of Derna.

Far East.—Japanese landed reinforcements on Singapore Island. Imperial forces compelled to yield ground. Japanese claimed to have occupied Martaban, in S. Burma. Jap landing at Gasmata, in New Britain, and at Macassar, in South Celebes. Heavy fighting in the Batan Peninsula.

Home.—Enemy night raider dropped bombs on a N.E. coastal town.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11 *893rd day*

Russian Front.—Continued fierce fighting in the Leningrad sector.

Africa.—No change in the land situation.

Far East.—British forces made a further withdrawal on Singapore Island. Japanese bombed Samarai, off S.E. coast of New Guinea. Further Japanese landings in South Celebes.

THURSDAY, FEB. 12 *894th day*

Sea.—German battle cruisers Scharnhorst and Gneisenau and cruiser Prinz Eugen from Brest made a dash from there to a German port via the Straits of Dover. A sea and air encounter developed. German ships, heavily escorted and screened by fighter aircraft, escaped towards Heligoland Bight, but several torpedo hits believed to have been scored on them. British lost 42 planes in the battle.

Air.—Big offensive sweep over N. France.

Russian Front.—Fighting around Leningrad continued. Big battle still raging around Kharkov.

Mediterranean.—British bombers attacked targets at Salamis, in Greece, and Heraklion, in Crete.

Africa.—Patrol activity in front of Gazala. Heavy night raid by R.A.F. on Tripoli.

Far East.—British forces resisted fiercely on outskirts of Singapore town. Japanese flung in more troops and tanks. In Burma, a big Japanese attack in the Pa-an area repulsed. Japanese claimed capture of Macassar.

Home.—Daylight raid on S.W. coastal area. One Dornier destroyed.

FRIDAY, FEB. 13 *895th day*

Air.—R.A.F. made night raids on Cologne, Aachen, and the docks at Le Havre.

Russian Front.—Red Army troops reported to have entered White Russia. Krasnograd, 70 miles S.W. of Kharkov, claimed to be recaptured. Big battle around Zhisdra, on the central front.

Far East.—Japanese pressure on Singapore increased hourly. In Burma more heavy fighting in the Pa-an area.

General.—U.S. Navy Dept. announced that in the combined air and sea attack on the Japanese bases in the Marshall and Gilbert Islands on Feb. 1, the enemy ships sunk included: one modern cruiser, two ocean-going submarines, one 17,000-ton liner, three 10,000-ton tankers, five 5,000-ton cargo boats, two auxiliaries, two minesweepers, and a number of tugs and small craft.

CZECH SABOTAGE

SINCE March 1939 more accidents have taken place on Czechoslovak railways than during the whole preceding twenty years of the Republic's administration. The greatest number of accidents occurred when the German Army was marching east for new conquests, or during troop movements from east to west. Bridges were damaged, rails torn up, and military trains had to stand for hours in sidings or on the open lines outside the stations. Telephones ceased to function whenever military orders had to be sent, and food supplies for the Army were held up all over Bohemia and Moravia for "unaccountable reasons." In some cases railway warehouses containing Army food supplies were actually blown up.

Sometimes a rail broke just before a military train passed over it. Sometimes a point or traffic signal was blocked. At other times the cause of the accident was more complicated, as in the case of the breakdown near the station of Josefova Hut on the Pilsen-Cheb line. Above the track here was a steep cliff, but all the time the railway was under Czech administration the linesmen guarded against landslides by continually making tests. One day, however, the cliff crashed down on to the line a few minutes before a military transport passed through. Scores of German soldiers were killed on the spot, while others were so severely wounded that they had to be taken to hospital where many of them died later. A large quantity of military material was destroyed at the same time.—*From Volcano Under Hitler, by Jiri Hronek.*

SATURDAY, FEB. 14 *896th day*

Air.—R.A.F. made night attack on Mannheim and N.W. Germany.

Russian Front.—Further advances on the Kalinin front. Leningrad fighting continued.

Mediterranean.—Many aerodromes and military targets in Sicily bombed by R.A.F. Particularly effective raid on Gherbini.

Africa.—In Libya 18 Kittyhawks, attacking formation of 30 Axis planes, shot down 20 and damaged the rest for no loss.

Far East.—Imperial forces still resisting in Singapore, where Japanese pressure increased. Japanese made an attack on Palembang, Sumatra, with parachutists. Heavy artillery duelling in the Philippines. Enemy attack in Burma slackened.

SUNDAY, FEB. 15 *897th day*

Air.—R.A.F. carried out an offensive sweep over N. France. Bomber aircraft made night attack on docks at St. Nazaire.

Russian Front.—Moscow reported severe fighting in the Kerch Peninsula.

Mediterranean.—Naval aircraft attacked units of Italian fleet and certain hits were obtained by torpedoes on two cruisers and a destroyer. A second destroyer probably hit.

Far East.—Singapore fell. In Sumatra, Japanese launched a full-scale attack on Palembang. In Luzon, the Japanese regrouped their forces for a new offensive. In Burma, Japanese reported to be attacking Thaton.

Home.—A few bombs dropped by night in N.E. England and S.W. Scotland. An enemy bomber was destroyed.

General.—Oil refinery on Aruba Island, in Caribbean, shelled by U-boat.

MONDAY, FEB. 16 *898th day*

Russian Front.—Soviet forces continued their attacks in the Leningrad sector. Moscow announced appointment of Boris Bannikov as People's Commissar for War Supplies.

Africa.—Patrol activity continued.

Far East.—MacArthur's positions in Batan peninsula shelled for 24 hours. Japanese forces occupied Thaton, in Burma. Heavy fighting around Palembang, captured by the Japanese.

Home.—Enemy bomber destroyed off S.W. coast.

General.—35,000-ton U.S. battleship Alabama launched 9 months ahead of schedule.

TUESDAY, FEB. 17 *899th day*

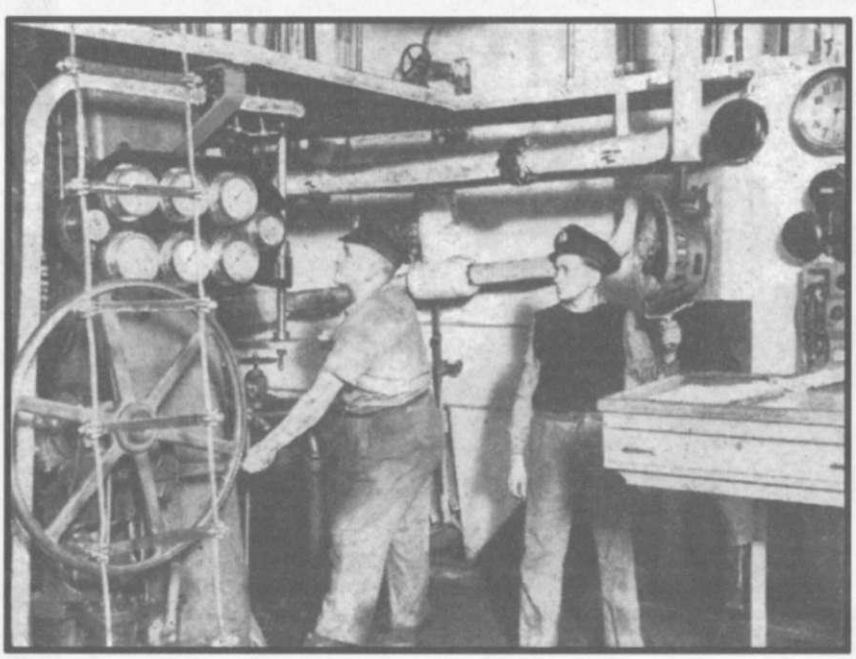
Air.—Enemy shipping off Dutch and Norwegian coasts attacked by R.A.F.

Russian Front.—Moscow radio broadcast to people of White Russia on their coming liberation as advanced Soviet forces entered the province.

Africa.—British patrols attacked Rommel's advanced positions.

Far East.—Japanese reinforcing their Burma front. Fighting continued around Palembang, in Sumatra.

General.—Total mobilization of men, women and materials ordered in Australia.



OCEAN VANGUARD, first of a fleet of merchant ships to be built in America for Britain. She is an all-welded ship. Here in the engine-room are Engineers T. Dorman and E. Hughes *Photo, Keystone*

Strange Adventure of a Sunderland's Crew

WRECKED BRITISH AIRMEN, whose Sunderland flying-boat crashed off the Libyan coast, are seen, left, sitting on a wing of the aircraft as it drifted towards shore. Soon after they landed the crew were taken prisoner by Italians (above).

FOUR miles off the coast of Cyrenaica a Sunderland flying-boat crashed into the sea after an engagement with two Messerschmitts, one of which was shot down. The crew were blown to the shore on a wing torn from the plane, and Italian soldiers captured them as they landed. The next morning, after the party had trekked along the coast all night, the leader of the Italians decided to make for Benghazi with his men, and left the British in an Arab village. There they found an Arab guide, who led them towards the British lines. On the way they overtook a dozen of their former captors, who threw away their rifles and joined the party. This strange occurrence was repeated four times in the course of the journey, and by the time the New Zealand Flt.-Lieut. in charge of the wrecked airmen arrived within the British lines he was able to hand over a hundred or more Italian prisoners.

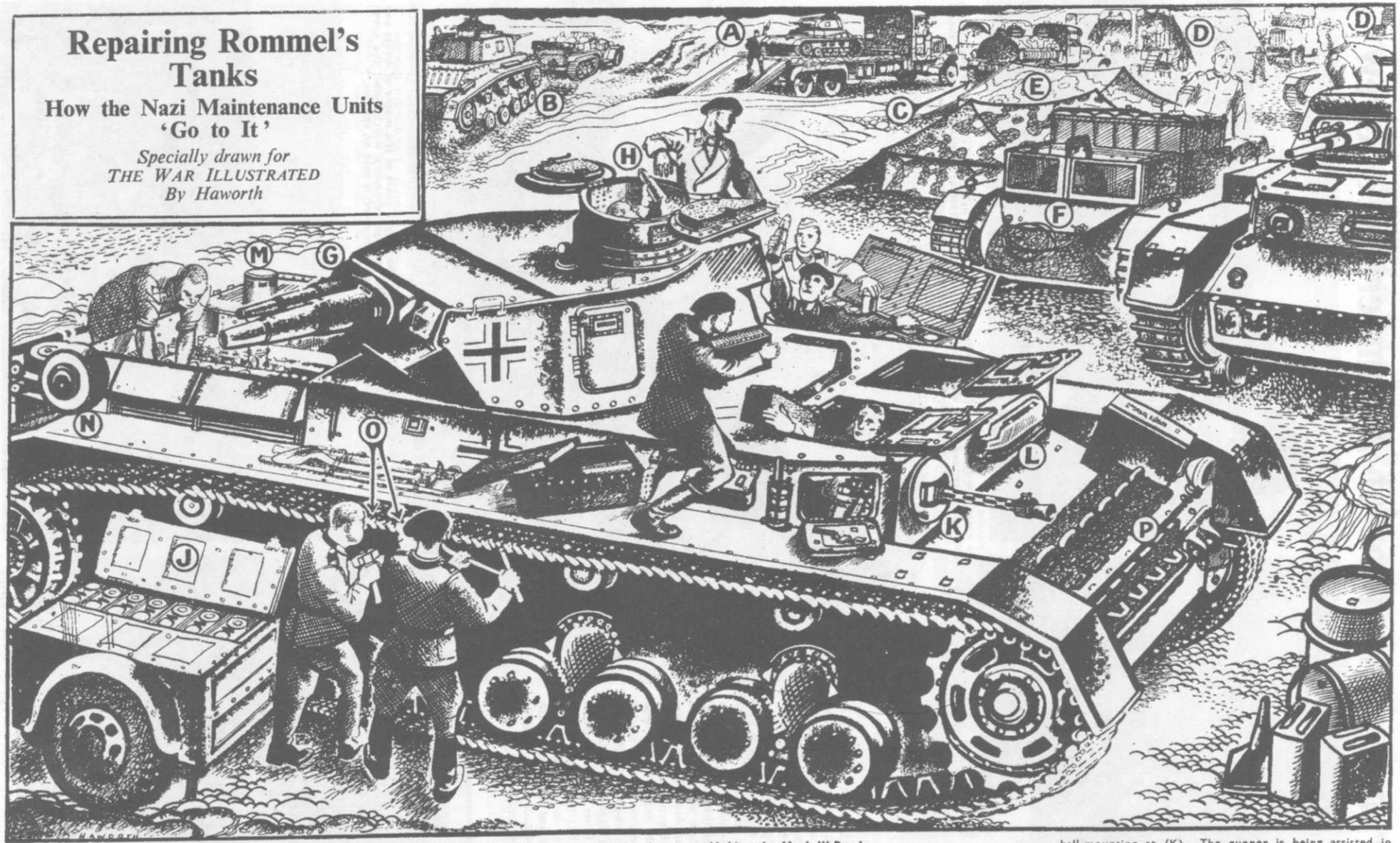
The flying-boat, which drifted towards the Libyan coast at the mercy of waves and wind, soon became a total wreck. The strange adventure which befell the crew, who from being captives became captors, is told on the left.

Two officers of the party are seen above drinking from a rain pool. The dog went through the whole adventure. Right, the captors captured. Some of the Italians who threw away their rifles and joined the R.A.F. party are seen heading for the British lines. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Repairing Rommel's Tanks

How the Nazi Maintenance Units 'Go to It'

Specially drawn for
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED
By Haworth



RECENT reports from Libya have shown that the Germans have perfected methods by which they can very quickly repair damaged tanks and get them back into battle again. This drawing illustrates a German repair and replenishment camp somewhere in the Libyan desert.

Tank Transporters and Trucks

In the background (A) a Mark I light tank (6 tons) is being unloaded from a big tank transporter. These vehicles are fitted with winches to haul derelict tanks aboard. (B) A Mark II tank (9 tons) which has lost its track is being towed in—a tank in this condition can still manoeuvre its turret and fire its guns but would be motionless.

(C) Tanker trucks carry petrol, oil, and water ; a great many of these are needed to keep an armoured division supplied. (D) Repair and workshop lorries. (E) Camouflaged tents for tank crews. (F) Small tracked vehicle used to carry petrol and oil to tanks ; the cans of petrol are being brought up to refuel a Mark III 18-ton tank carrying 50-mm. gun seen on the extreme right.

Making the Mark IV Ready

The tank in the foreground is a Mark PZ IV being restocked with ammunition and having minor adjustments made. This tank, which has been such a tough proposition in Libya, weighs 22 tons, has a crew of 5 and a speed of about 25 m.p.h. (maximum). The large 75-mm. gun and an M.G. are seen at (G) ; the turret is, of course, pointing towards the rear of the tank. The commander (H) is handing shells for the large gun into the turret ; the shells are being unloaded from a small wheeled ammunition-carrier which is seen at (J). A second M.G. is seen in a ball-mounting at (K). The gunner is being assisted in reloading with fresh cartridge belts. The next trap-door gives access to the driving position which has a heavily armoured vizor (L).

On the left some adjustments to the engine are being made ; note the large air filter (M) ; the winch wheels (N), which utilize the tank's own power to haul itself on to a transporter if required. (O) Testing and adjusting the track ; if any weak links are found the spare track links at (P) can be unlocked and fitted in. German tank corps men, like the British, wear berets.

Above 'Hell-fire Pass' Rose the White Flag

THE SURRENDER OF HALFAYA to Gen. Ritchie's troops took place on Jan. 17, 1942, and about 5,500 Axis prisoners were taken. Top left, a flag of surrender hoisted on one of the enemy's gun positions. Top right, the scene at the enemy H.Q. at Halfaya after Maj.-Gen. de Villiers, seen right, had received the surrender of the Axis garrison. Below, an aerial photograph showing Axis transport abandoned at the side of the famous Halfaya Pass. The Halfaya position had served the Germans well, pinning down a large British force and compelling British supply columns to make a long detour.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Are We Pulling Our Weight in Production?

"Can you do more than you are doing now to help the common cause? Are you making a hundred per cent effort?" These were questions put by Sir Stafford Cripps to the millions who heard his B.B.C. postscript on Feb. 8. Below we discuss the frequently-made allegation that ours is not an all-out effort in production.

RECENTLY a number of Soviet Trade Union delegates visited some 60 factories, works, mines, and shipyards in this country, held a number of meetings, and talked with several hundreds of working men and women; their findings make interesting reading. "British industry is working well," said Mr. Shvernik, the delegation's leader, "and possesses all that is required to increase the output of all forms of armaments. Organization of production is good and equipment is excellent." What impressed the delegation even more was the splendid morale of the British workers.

But there is another side to the picture. According to Mr. Shvernik, in a number of factories there is insufficient utilization of the equipment, machines, tools, lathes, etc., on hand; the number of women introduced into industry is inadequate; and some factories adopt an incorrect attitude towards the initiative of the workers, paying no heed to their rationalizing proposals—there is an unwillingness to listen to the voice of the working man and woman and the shop stewards; and there is even in some factories a limitation of output. "On our territory," concluded Mr. Shvernik, "there is a life and death struggle with Hitlerism; on your territory there is not."

SOVIET DELEGATES in a British factory. Delegates of the Soviet Trades Unions, who have been visiting British factories, are chatting to a workman at a northern tank factory. Centre, Mr. Shvernik, Secretary of the All-Union Central Council of Trades Unions. *Photo, Keystone*

Really we should not need a Russian to tell us of these things. The correspondence columns of the newspapers and their editorials, the speeches of back-bench M.P.s, and, indeed, the conversations of every day, have rubbed home the same lesson. Months ago Sir John Wardlaw-Milne alleged in the House of Commons that our productive effort was only 70 per cent of what it might be, and Mr. Bevin has asked that it may be increased by 40 per cent. Then we have Sir Stafford Cripps confessing that since his return from Russia he has felt in this country "a lack of urgency," a feeling that we are not all-out in our effort and determination.

Many and varied are the reasons advanced for this state of affairs. Some blame the workers and some the employers; nearly everybody blames the Government. To blame is easy, but sometimes the accusations are based on all too little knowledge.

No doubt amongst the workers there are many absentees, but we should not jump to the conclusion that such absenteeism as exists is just the result of that Monday morning feeling. Numbers of the workers in the factories are in the Home Guard or Civil Defence, and only those who have had to work seven days a week for weeks and months on end, with many a spell of night-work, are in a position to criticize those who take an occasional day off. Maybe there are some who earn such good money that they refuse to put in a few hours' overtime, or who object to working overtime altogether since they will have to pay income tax on their extra earnings; but these are few. Many a skilled engineer engaged in the vital work of setting up machines for the novices to work finds in his pay packet less than £4 at the end of the week.

Why should not more married women go out to work? is a question frequently asked, often by those who think that so far as their own wives are concerned a woman's place is the home. But how can a married woman with small children go out to work unless there is a day nursery at hand which will look after her youngsters? There are only about 300 day nurseries in the whole of the country, providing accommodation for some 15,000 children. And is it to be expected that a woman worker should have to cook her own meal when she returns home after a hard day's work? There are numerous factories still without canteens, and in the whole of Britain there are only some 1,200 British Restaurants. Even when the children go to school the arrangements for feeding them are shockingly inadequate, and reflect most strongly on the foresight and capacity of the local educational authorities.

Then there is the matter of travelling to and from work. "In my division," says Mr. Sexton, M.P. for Barnard Castle, "there are girls getting up at three o'clock on these dark winter mornings and travelling 30 miles in order to be ready to start work at seven. The next week they are on a different shift, and reach near home about midnight. After the bus drops them, they have to walk a mile or two miles in the black-out to reach their homes. Talk about courage! It requires some courage to walk two miles or so in the black-out at midnight in some of those lonely districts, yet the girls are doing it. Of course they are complaining; it is their right to complain, and it is the duty of the Government to try to ameliorate the conditions."

"Go to it," says a much displayed Government poster. Those girls plodding through the Durham streets must feel just a trifle resentful when they read the exhortation. No doubt the man on night shift who comes home with the milk thinks much the same—though he probably expresses himself more forcibly. Or that may be beyond him.

Then what about the factories? We have all read of the one where things as a rule were pretty slack, but it was swept and nicely tidied up so that everything was in apple-pie order when the King paid it a visit. In how many factories is there delay owing to the shortage of materials or a break-down in transport, because the orders are not continuous, or there is a too frequent change-over from producing one item to turning out another? How many mushroom firms are there which have been started by people with no real knowledge of the business, but who are anxious to get their hands on a Government contract? How many contracts have gone to the monster firms who have a pull with the Government departments—who have grabbed orders right and left (although there is no possibility of their executing them at once) so as to cut out the small men?

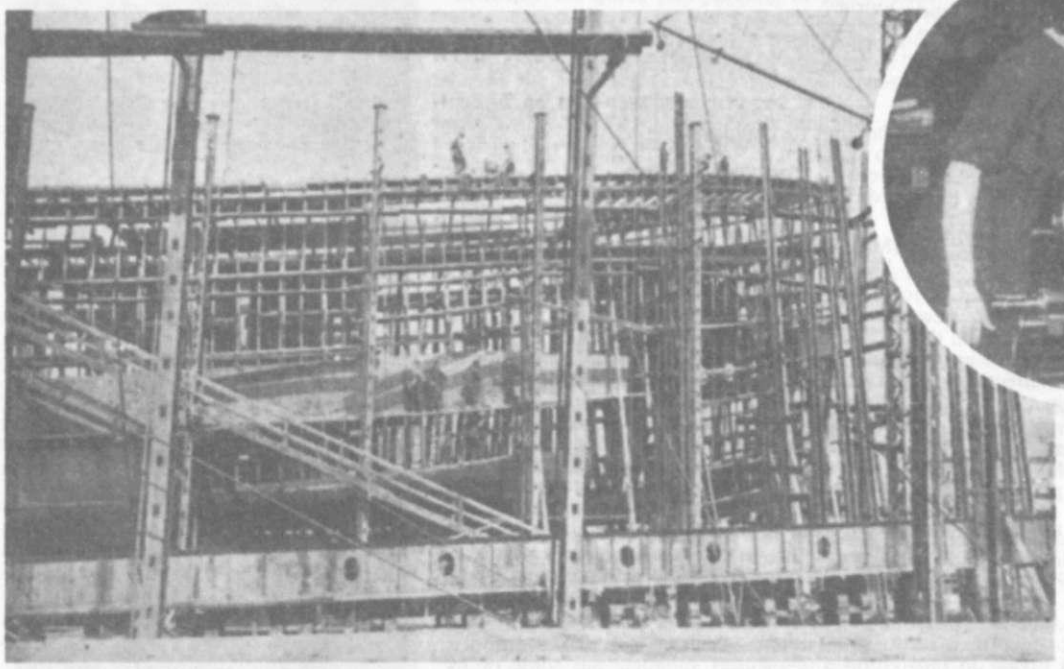
Then if there are workers who refuse to work overtime because of income tax, are there no firms who declare that the excess profit tax of twenty shillings in the pound takes all the incentive out of industry? There are still many firms working on the cost-plus system, so that it is a distinct advantage to them to push their costs to the highest level. There are whole industries engaged on war work whose costs are never revealed to the Government auditors. The trade associations fix a price for a certain job, and this or that Ministry is forced to accept it. This they do all the more readily since in many cases the controls which have been established in Whitehall are staffed by officials of the employers' federations, by whom they are paid.

In his postscript Sir Stafford Cripps said that one thing is plain—that the total supply is insufficient to fill all the needs, and that "had our efforts in production been greater, we should not now be retreating in North Africa." We may not agree with the last statement; we may, perhaps, prefer the opinion of those who assert that we are not short of arms in Libya but of the right sort of arms, "and for that blunder (to quote from a recent editorial in The Evening News) the blame must rest not on the little man in the workshop, but on the brass hats in the War Office, who still seem to derive too little mental nourishment from their prolonged lunches." But no one will cavil at Sir Stafford Cripps when he states that "Each hour of work that you lose, each day that you do less than you might by way of productive labour, whether as worker or as manager . . . makes our total effort less effective and lets down someone, somewhere, who is offering his life to save for you all the things that you value in life." E. R. P.

Some At Least Are Working 'All Out'

British Valentine tanks lined up on the quay of a British port ready for shipment to Russia (right). Lord Beaverbrook calls this "one of the finest of all tanks."
Photo, J. D. Forbes

A corner of a British shipyard in wartime (below). Amid a forest of steel the outline of a new vessel takes shape.
Photo, Central Press



Mrs. Grace Swain (above), once an upholstress, whose husband is in the Army, now screws jackets for guns. Below, an impressive scene in a gun factory where gun production is in full swing.
Photos, Central Press, Fox

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I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

We Fought Our Way Through the Malayan Jungle

Cut off in the Malayan fighting, units of Australians and Indians made their way through swamp and jungle in small parties, carrying their wounded with them. Here are some of the stories they told when they finally reached the British lines.

PRIVATES Frank Johnson, Bob Drouin and Trevor Davis, of the A.I.F., described their adventures in diary form as follows:

Saturday, Jan. 17.—At dusk a Victorian unit was 11 miles south of Muar. The Japanese attacked. We beat them off and settled down for the night, with patrols thrown out and outposts guarding our camp.

Sunday—At 6.30 a.m. the enemy again launched an infantry attack, followed by tanks. Bayonet fighting lasted about a quarter of an hour, and then in the next half-hour our anti-tank guns got ten tanks. It was quiet for the remainder of the Sunday, and we prepared to push on to Muar to try to contact the Indians.

Our colonel, who had been down a road to the rear to contact a New South Wales unit, was picked off by a Japanese machine-gunner while returning to us. There were snipers up the trees on all sides, shooting at us all the time.

On Sunday night there was a short bayonet attack against one of our companies in which the enemy came off second best. We gained the impression that the Japanese were infiltrating in large numbers all round us. There were snipers around, mortars were lobbing shells in the middle of us all the time, and there were large numbers of enemy infantry along the road in both directions.

Monday.—Quiet except for snipers and mortar shelling until the afternoon, when the enemy artillery barrage began, with shells first dropping behind us, then lowering gradually until they got the range perfectly, dropping them all over our camp.

We were now outnumbered, and after repulsing them our infantry commander decided to withdraw. Our infantry, withdrawing down the road ahead of the transport, was heavily engaged by five machine-gun posts and mortar fire. Our transport was then cut off, and our unit decided to break up into small parties and go through the jungle.

Thirty-six of us set out in one party, travelling through the jungle swamps up to our waists, through vines, creepers, with thorns cutting us to pieces.

Tuesday.—We rejoined other members of our unit who had joined up with a New South Wales unit. The New South Wales men had been engaged all Monday fighting back 11 miles, to where we found them four miles north of Parit Sulong Bridge.

Wednesday.—We attacked Parit Sulong Bridge. The enemy also attacked us from behind, using at least one tank, artillery, and an air bombardment. We could not take the bridge, which had been held earlier in the week by British forces. Those forces, we later learned, were seven miles farther south—just seven miles between us and safety and reinforcements.

Our commander made the final decision to let us break up into small parties to try to escape. We three made our way through the jungle with the help of friendly Chinese, and reached a British unit after a 15-mile journey.

The story of their escape was told by Corporal G. Bingham and Signalman Max Bendit in the following words:

After the commander told us on Wednesday that we could split up, most of us decided to hang on as long as possible, though we were foodless and almost without ammunition.

The wounded were our biggest worry. Most of us had some souvenir to bring home, like bullet grazes and shrapnel wounds, but we were worrying more about other chaps—we couldn't leave them.

When the question was getting desperate on Wednesday the commander sent five trucks of wounded over the bridge. They were clearly marked with the Red Cross, and the Japanese allowed them to reach a road-block. An officer driver tried to get the Japanese to allow the wounded out, but the Japanese demanded unconditional surrender, though they let the wounded return to our camp.

Then the commander asked us what we would like to do. We decided to fight it out. They were still sniping, shelling, machine-gunning, and mortaring from all sides.

On Thursday three of our planes dropped food and medical supplies, but some of us would have preferred ammunition.

Volunteers stayed with the badly wounded. Those of us able to get along, including the walking wounded, set out in small parties—ours had 11 fit men and 20 wounded.

We had the same jungle journey as others before us, crossed various rivers, sometimes wading, sometimes swimming, helping the wounded all the time. Chinese living in the jungle fed us, and a Malay guided us for five miles along a river.—*Daily Herald.*

Australians making their way through the jungle in Malaya. How some rejoined their units after being cut off by the Japanese is told in this page. *Photo, Associated Press*

Chased by a U-boat, We Gave Her the Slip

The Battle of the Atlantic still goes on unremittingly, and here is the story of a typical wartime Atlantic crossing, told exclusively to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED by J. C. R. Birney, who not long ago was a passenger on a homeward-bound freighter.

WE felt very nautical and noble getting up at 3.0 a.m. in the chilly dawn, piling on sweaters, heavy coats, scarves and finally life-saving jackets, to take our turn at the eternal watch for U-boats. But the early morning watch passed uneventfully enough, and then I retired to my diminutive cabin to snatch some sleep. Lying down on the bunk, with my coat and shoes by my side, sleep soon came; but not for long. A continuous sounding of bells, penetrated by pleasant dreams of firm, dry land. Listening for a moment, I got up swearing, "Another of those damn' boat drills, just as I'd got to sleep, too!" and poked my head out of the porthole. Nothing. So, without bothering to put on my shoes, and still half-asleep, I tottered out on to the deck to see what was afoot.

As I turned left out of the door to look over the side, I realized what was happening; almost before I knew where I was I was back in my cabin scrambling into shoes, coat and life-saving jacket. For there, large as life, and quite close to our starboard beam, was a U-boat. By the time I was back again on the deck the U-boat was pretty well dead astern. It must have surfaced somewhere on our starboard bow, and as soon as we had sighted it we had swung round as hard as we could go to put it astern. The regulations laid down that when the alarm sounded all the passengers should find their way to the forward saloon, a tiny room on the level of the lower deckwork and reasonably well-protected from flying shell or other splinters. Since there were only a few men on board, and excitement ran high, we could not resist the temptation to get on as high a deck as possible and watch the fun. We kept well out of the way, but I suspect that the skipper and his crew were too busy to attend to us. By this time everyone was, of course, at action

stations ; we lost no time in bringing the field glasses to bear on our pursuer. There she was : the vicious bow wave cascading over her bulging prow gave an impression of speed which sent a chilly shiver down my spine.

The pursuit had been going on for some time ; our ship, flogged to her limit, was pounding along at a pace she had never dreamed she could do. Suddenly the ship's bells rang again, in a different rhythm. We thought for a moment that everything was over bar the shouting, when—Baang ! The diminishing rush of a shell departing on its way reminded us that most certainly it was not. We stood open-mouthed and rooted to the spot, while the brown puff of cordite drifted silently to port. The gunners worked hard to reload, and we waited to see the result of our shot.

It seemed an age before we saw the great waterspout of our shell a little to port and some way short of our target. But before long another bang, and another diminishing whoosh marked our second shot on its way. I had my eyes glued to the U-boat, when I noticed a small brown puff of smoke drifting away from her. Just for a second, realization of what this meant escaped me ; then, " She's firing back at us," I shouted.

This time it really did seem a long time. In a ship you are the only target. It would be ten seconds, perhaps, before that shell arrived ; meantime, there was just nothing you could do about it. So we just kept looking over the side of the ship.

All the Shots Went Wide

Crack ! It had arrived. Dead in our wake. We were thankful to see it was a long way short, although we knew that the first would only be a ranging shot. Meanwhile our second shot had arrived. Somewhat to starboard but still in front of its target. Then, " Puff ! "—our adversary's second shot was on its way. Craaa-ck ! There it was ; a little way to one side, but certainly a good way short. Hope was born that we, at least, were out of range, and we noticed too that the conning tower and bow wave of our pursuer were a good deal less pronounced than they had been some time ago. We felt we could breathe more freely, though the U-boat was still between us and home.

In an hour's time the U-boat was hull down ; the weather fortunately was worsening, and light rain squalls showed on the horizon. This offered an opportunity, we altered course and gained, after some time, the shower ; under cover of its protective curtain we altered course again. Half an hour later, emerging from the squall, we found that the U-boat was lost to view. Easing down the engines, we began cautiously to edge round to the north to bring us back on our homeward track.

But evidently our pursuer had calculated aright, for he showed up again, low down on the starboard quarter, still hot on the chase. Again the engine telegraph clanged, and every ounce of speed was ordered as we changed course to the eastward once more.

Our skipper had the measure of his opponent, however. By the judicious use of rain squalls, and by so altering his directions to give our pursuer a false idea of our intentions, he managed to draw well away. Night covered us with its welcome darkness and we were able to work our way round in a huge circle until, by dawn the following day, we were heading for home again. All the same, during the night, there were few of us who did not obey strictly the regulations ; we even went to bed with our shoes on.

Evidently our skipper's tactics had completely confounded the enemy, for the next day we saw no sign of him. It was only when we had to slow down to half-speed to give opportunity for some first-aid repairs to our over-strained engines, that we realized how near disaster we had been.

I Saw the Poles Go Over the Top at Gazala

Poles were among the troops from Tobruk that took part in the British advance in Libya in Dec. 1941. The Daily Mail correspondent, Alexander Clifford, who watched them make an assault at Gazala, wrote this vivid account of the scene.

THE artillery barrage was starting up as I reached Gen. Kopanski's headquarters, just a couple of miles from the enemy lines. All our batteries were behind us, firing over our heads.

Gen. Kopanski's headquarters was a motley collection of Australian, British, German and Italian vehicles with the red and white Polish flag flying above it. I found the general standing at the foremost edge casting a searching eye over the battlefield.

Before us his troops were strung out in parallel lines across the landscape waiting to move and lounging among tussocks and camel scrub until zero hour struck. Gen. Kopanski tapped his watch and held it to his ear to make sure it was still going.

Suddenly the quick pop-popping of automatic weapons began to rattle all along the line until the air around us was singing with bullets. A low-flying enemy plane was dodging in and out among the scudding clouds, and everyone was firing at it as it came along. Almost at the same moment Gen. Kopanski looked up from his watch and said " Thirty seconds to go."

All across the plain ahead of us men were getting to their feet. They stretched themselves as men always seem to do before going into battle. For a moment they hunched their shoulders against the wind, and their greatcoats blew out stiffly behind them. They turned up their collars and tilted their tin hats to windward. Then they hoisted machine-guns on to their shoulders or picked up rifles and held them across their bodies.

Dead on time they started to move. They had to walk across a little dip, then over a shallow ridge, then through another hollow, and on to the skyline. Then they would be in action. They went slowly but very steadily. They were so close there was no need to use field glasses to watch them.

There came a moment when the entire horizon ahead of us was covered with an almost unbroken hedge of men silhouetted blackly against the billowing, wind-driven clouds. The Italian barrage grew more excited and erratic. Gen. Kopanski muttered : " They aren't getting much opposition or they wouldn't be standing up."

Almost as he said it an enemy shell cracked down at the right-hand end of the line, and when the ginger-coloured smoke cleared away about 50 yards of the line was gone. But a couple of seconds later they popped up again from the ground where they had thrown hemselves, and continued their steady march.

Now the whole first line with its patrols sprayed out before it went down over the skyline. Gen. Kopanski began to use his field glasses. " It makes a nice change for the boys," he said, " after being cooped up in Tobruk." I looked sharply at him, but he had spoken with utter seriousness. The Poles are like that.

From over the ridge machine-guns began to fire in quick, stuttering bursts. Then came the sharp, whip-lash crack of rifles. Each sound came detached and clear on the driving wind. The front line was at close quarters with the enemy now, but the rear units were still breasting the rise on to the skyline. Imperceptibly the whole tempo of the battle quickened.

Inside the canvas lean-to attached to the truck beside me an artillery major was rapping orders down a telephone in rich consonantal Polish. The 25-pounders behind us paused in their steady firing to increase the range. Then they started again, and their shells went whimpering over our heads almost non-stop. Sometimes the wind would drop for a second and the noise of the guns would reach us with startlingly redoubled loudness.

By now all the men had topped the ridge and gone down to the battle. On the left a battery of anti-tank guns bounced forward among the tussocks and disappeared.

A dispatch rider came bumping out of the smoke ahead and gave Gen. Kopanski a message. The Polish guns suddenly began firing right over the front line on to the enemy batteries. Machine-gunning had extended right and left on the Polish flanks. The New Zealanders and Indians were in action and the engagement was general all along the front.

Later, as the sun went down garishly among the heavy rainclouds and darkness closed in, a chill wind set us shivering.

We turned aside to make camp for the night, leaving the Poles and Indians and Maoris thrusting ahead into the gathering dusk.—*The Daily Mail.*

POLISH SOLDIERS firing from behind the scanty shelter of a desert boulder. How Polish troops from the Tobruk garrison made an assault upon the enemy at Gazala is told above by a correspondent of The Daily Mail who saw the attack.

Photo. British Official : Crown Copyright

Editor's Postscript

I AM glad to see that the President of the Library Association has written to the Press warning enthusiasts in the present drive for paper salvage against the danger of sacrificing something that might be of much greater value preserved as a book than by its addition to the mountain of pulp that we are all so anxious to augment. Several cases within my own experience, and indeed in my own home, where every bit of scrap has been most reverently contributed to the national collection, have made me acutely aware of the need for Mr. Esdaile's warning. I know of several valuable books that have been unwisely sacrificed to produce no more than a handful of pulp, and in my own case a large collection of letters descriptive of my travels in South America, carefully preserved by me for nearly thirty years, as they contained a great mass of information likely to be of value for a book that I have long projected, have gone to the local salvage dump !

IN this particular case I had no occasion in all those years to refer to those letters, until the other night when I wished to verify the name of a vessel in which I had made a longish Pacific journey and which was torpedoed in the last War. It was on looking for the collection that I discovered it was well on its way to making perhaps 5 ounces or 6 ounces of pulp, and I think this was an instance in which its previous condition was more valuable than its present. But, with this reservation, I do seriously appeal to my readers to relax no effort which they are able to make towards increasing the supply of paper for pulping. There are uncountable tons of waste paper in British homes—old florists' catalogues, some of which are bulky enough to make a volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, costumiers' luxurious spring and winter folios of new designs, and local ironmongers' illustrated offerings of "everything for the home," not to say thousands of nostalgic catalogues from the motor makers, which in the happy past seemed to breed with the rapidity of rabbits—send all of these at once to your local paper salvage director and so help in this great national effort to save shipping space for the urgencies of war.

ANOTHER danger of the moment in the undiscriminating bureaucratic manner of carrying out departmental orders is that many pieces of charming old wrought iron work will be sacrificed without materially helping towards the total of scrap needed by our iron foundries and steel works, while possibilities of huge contributions will be passed by. There is probably enough steel work in the Blackpool Tower to provide a new destroyer, but I have not seen it suggested anywhere that it should be pulled down and so utilized as Blackpool's contribution ! Personally I should hate to see it go, as many of my memories are associated with it, for there was a time when I was myself a Blackpudlian, away back in 1894, when I edited The Blackpool Herald, and the Tower was only two or three months old. But even in those early days it was realized that it could not stand for ever, and how could it die better than by furnishing a really enormous quantity of raw material for armaments in the hour of Britain's greatest need ? Nor is it the only steel apparatus of amusement to be found at our holiday resorts that could furnish forth really substantial contributions of the precious metal without destroying in the process objects of beauty and cultural value.

THERE is also, I am told, the probability that the Eiffel Tower will soon be dismantled by the Nazis for a similar purpose, and as the Blackpool Tower is by way of being one of its progeny, though not aspiring to the magnitude of the parent, why should not the son be made to do his job for freedom before the father is forced to provide war weapons for tyranny ?

SIR R. DORMAN-SMITH, who succeeded Sir Archibald Cochrane as Governor of Burma on the expiration of the latter's term of office in May 1941. *Photo, Press Portrait Bureau*

WE are so used to the lying propaganda of Goebbels that one can hardly believe one's eyes when the erudite doctor writes the truth. He tells us in a recent number of Das Reich that the Germans are politically immature, are not sure of themselves, and are lacking in the necessary instinct to take the right path for successful historical development. We could not put it better ourselves. The political ineptitude of the enemy, allied to a tragic and atavistic hatred of civilization, has long been Europe's curse. The Germans have never wanted political experience because the idea of freedom is a complete mystery to them. It is this blind spot in Teuton psychology which, in the last analysis, will bring them down, for the vast majority of mankind, nurtured upon incontrovertible political truths, will in no circumstances submit to a race that is morally in the Stone Age.

FOR the Germans to rule the world they would have to kill off the rest of humanity. Hitler's policy of extermination in this respect is entirely logical but not entirely practical. But when Goebbels says that the Allies did not beat Germany in the last war he is repeating the old lie. The Kaiser's armies were utterly routed in the autumn of 1918, as Hitler's will be when the Allies are strong enough to do it. We refrained from carrying the war into Germany on purely humanitarian grounds, and though Foch's decision was applauded at the time it has proved to be one of the greatest blunders. On the lie that Germany was not defeated in the field Hitler was able to lay the foundations for a new war of aggression. In electing and following this monster, who could repeat the historic disaster of the Kaiser, the Nazis have proved, as the war-minded Germans before them, that they are without political experience or moral conscience.

ISN'T there some member of the Brains Trust whose teeth are set on edge every time he hears one of the numerous B.B.C. announcers talking about Corregidor with a hard g ? It sounds horrible to the ear attuned to Latin languages. A corregidor (literally a corrector) is the Spanish for chief magistrate (he figures prominently in Sabatini's latest romance "Columbus"), and any one of them would have a fit if he heard himself called a cor-eggy-dor. The name must be pronounced cor-rej-ee-dor. Most English dictionaries (they surely have one somewhere at the B.B.C.) gives the word, which has been long adopted into the acquisitive English language, with its proper pronunciation. You will often see the Latin word "corrigenda" ("corrections") at the end of an English book, but if you pronounced it corigg-enda you would be lowering yourself to the level of the B.B.C. Possibly it has eggs even on its Brains Trust, just as most of us are now apt to think in terms of eggs, but there must be at least one brain there that might have been trusted to rise above eggs. Perhaps the announcers are in much the same case as the M.P.s in Iolanthe—you remember the lines :

When in that House M.P.s divide,
If they've a brain and cerebellum, too,
They've got to leave that brain outside,
And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to.

BUT I cannot imagine the Spanish announcer accepting the "eggy" version of the word. It may be an American solecism (Americans are very loose linguists), and as the U.S.A. have been holding the island of Corregidor for 43 years perhaps they may have got even the natives to mispronounce the word. I am entirely ignorant of the island's history—never heard of it until a few weeks ago—but I refuse to believe that whoever christened it gave its name a hard g. All words in languages derived from Latin where a g is followed by an i or an e demand the soft g, which is pronounced like our j. That is elementary, my dear Watson. As Cor-rej-ee-dor one can imagine this island with some sort of penal establishment or "house of correction," as Cor-eggy-dor it doesn't mean a thing to me. But you know how editors can be wrong at times . . .

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